Vol. CXXXI.
No. 1701.

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THE BYSTANDER,
JULY 22, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Bystander, July 22, 1936

No. 1701. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

Little Dolly Haas Makes English Plans

When Dolly Haas was cast as Lillian Gish's talkie-successor in that film classic, *Broken Blossoms*, it was win or lose for her English film career. She won, and the first sequel is that she and Richard Barthelmess, hero of the silent *Broken Blossoms*, are playing together in *Spy of Napoleon*, an adaptation of Baroness Orczy's story, which Maurice Elvey is directing and which has been in the making for a month or more. Second sequel is that a new production company has been formed, with Dolly Haas as a co-director with Hans Brahm, the man who directed her in *Broken Blossoms*, and two films a year is to be their output. So the little star is lost to the Continent, where she built her reputation. She is any way half British, but she had a Viennese mother—hence, no doubt, her small-boned, sensitive charm

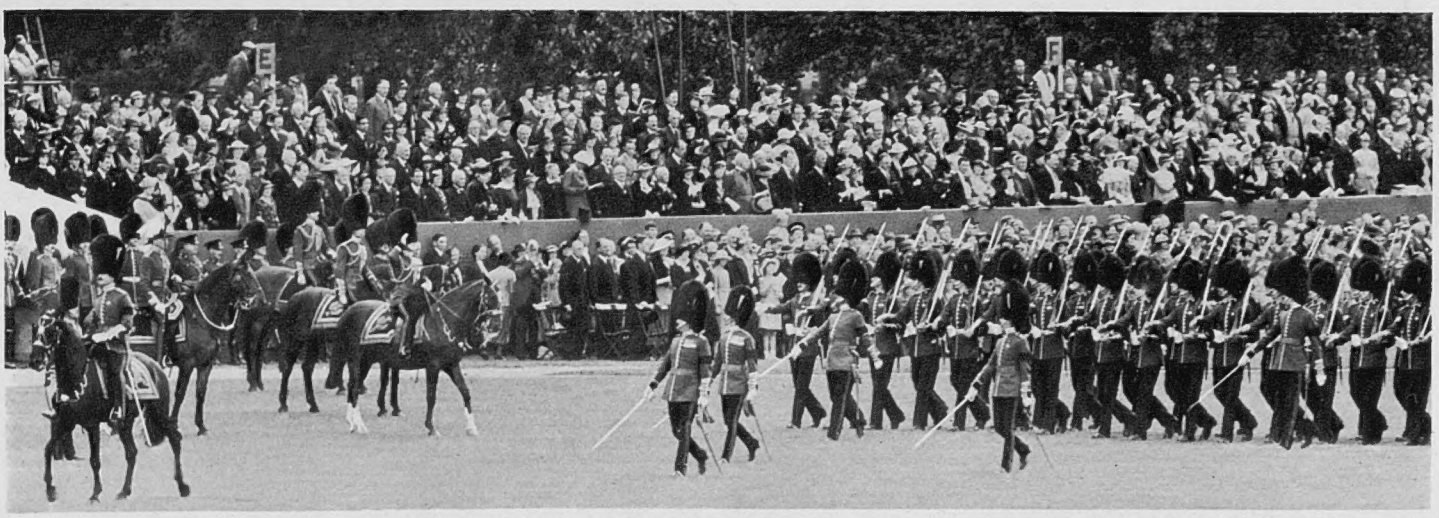
A Good Bit of Valeting

The First Lord Dresses for the Air

Sir Samuel Hoare spent an afternoon last week watching units of the Fleet Air Arm at work from the bridge cabin of aircraft-carrier Courageous, somewhere off the Isle of Wight. He had a flight of six Blackburn "Baffin" torpedo-bombers to fetch him and his party from Hendon; as they landed on the Courageous, the First Lord was greeted by a salute of seventeen guns. He watched bombing practice, took a salute from the 'planes, inspected the Courageous and had tea with its captain, Captain M. W. S. Boucher. Then he climbed back into all his air clothes and flew home to London

Sir Samuel Hoare—Ready for Anything

When the Navy do a job, they don't miss anything out. Sir Samuel Hoare, a neat yachting man when he got to Hendon, fell into the hands of two Fleet Air Arm enthusiasts, who fitted him out with overalls, helmet, goggles, parachute, and life-saver. Thus prepared for the worst, he set out on his hour's flight to H.M.S. Courageous



The King Takes the Salute in Hyde Park

The presentation by the King of new colours to three battalions of the Brigade of Guards was in itself an impressive military occasion. It was given a wider significance by his Majesty's fine speech with its moving message of peace. But even that was overshadowed by the subsequent incident in Constitution Hill, when a loaded revolver was thrown into the roadway, landing at the feet of the King's horse. The relief that everyone felt when they heard of the King's escape could have been measured by the way "God Save the King" was sung in London theatres and cinemas that evening; for the second time this year the National Anthem became a real expression of feeling

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

As we go to press, news comes to hand of the "attempt" against the King. Details are vague. One account says that the man first pointed the revolver and then threw it; another that the pistol was knocked out of his hand by a "small woman in grey." Whether the man was a poor silly creature, or just a supremely incompetent one, is no affair of mine. But two reflections suggest themselves. First is the rarity of such "attempts" in British history. There were, so far as I can remember, five attacks on Queen Victoria in sixty-three years, and none against either Edward VII. or George V. Political assassination has never been one of our rude island sports. The second reflection is the coolness which kings habitually display on these occasions. Alfonso of Spain was famous for his iron nerve. And King Edward VIII., who rode on so calmly up Constitution Hill, could not know that the man was going to throw and not shoot, nor could he know, even after the pistol was thrown, that the man was not one of a gang. The courage of kings is as proverbial as the punctuality of princes.

The foreign situation is becoming like a sinister whirligig. It goes faster and faster and faster, and always in the wrong direction. Ugly moment follows ugly moment, until the observer becomes bewildered with so many possibilities for evil. Last week it was Danzig that flared up. This week it is the Austro-German Pact. Next week it may be—what? A British army defending Ypres? A German aeroplane over Sheffield? Danzig and Austria are intimately connected, viâ Berlin. The German expansionists are bitterly divided among themselves about the direction in which the Fatherland ought to expand. One group wishes to move north-east, through the Polish Corridor to Danzig, thence to Memel and Riga, and so to the great attack upon the heart of Soviet Russia. The other group wants to revive the old dream of Mittel Europa, and to push south-eastwards down the Danube towards Odessa and so to the granary of Soviet Russia.

Both movements are powerful. And both are dangerous. It would appear at the moment that the south-westerly party is in the ascendant. All

What Did the King Say?

This photograph was taken in Constitution Hill immediately after the revolver-throwing incident. According to the "Times" report, "the King quickly drew his horse up, glanced in a surprised way in the direction whence the missile had come, and, without any more ado, continued his ride. . . . Apart from turning slightly to speak a few words to Major-General Sergison-Brooke . . . his Majesty completely ignored the attack." Major Sergison-Brooke's smiling face is the most perfect comment on the King's attitude to the incident

hands are to pipe down in Danzig (while Poland is to be wooed back into a friendly frame of mind) while the old idea of the Berlin-Bagdad route is played for all it is worth. But, whatever happens, Poland is playing with a deadly fire. It was Bismarck—a not entirely unintelligent man—who said that Prussia could never allow a reunited Poland. Prussia cannot forgive the partition of Upper Silesia, nor the loss of Posen, nor the Polish Corridor, nor the cutting-off of East Prussia. Yet Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, is passionately pro-Hitler and is trying his utmost to keep his country within the orbit of the Wilhelmstrasse. He still believes that Prussian Germany is a good ally. He does not seem to have ever heard of the Young Lady of Riga.

Fortunately, there is a growing body of opinion in Poland which is beginning to realise that the only hope is an entente with Russia.

THERE is also—and fortunately also—a growing body of opinion in this country that the main hope of European stability is an entente with Russia. The German menace is so strong and so insistent that it overshadows everything else. Italy seems to be coquetting with the Nazi dictator through the medium of an agreement about Austria, and an Alliance of Dictators would be the equivalent of the old Triple Alliance of pre-1914. Now that fat-headed, short-sighted and unprincipled politicians in certain parts of Europe have torpedoed the League of Nations, the only counter to a new version of the Triple Alliance is a new version of the Triple Entente. And so we return to 1913. What-ho! Philosophers say we deserve the rulers we get. But have we done anything quite so foolish, quite so mad, quite so despicable that we deserve our rulers who have torpedoed the League, the only single good thing which came out of the World War?

Madame Kchesinska's Arrival

Mathilde Kchesinska, formerly prima ballerina assoluta of the Imperial Ballet of St. Petersburg, danced at Covent Garden last week for the first time since 1911. Riabouchinska, one of her pupils, and Lichine, of the de Basil ballet, met her with flowers at Victoria. Her husband is the Grand Duke Andrew

A FIRM of publishers has asked me to write an imaginary, and imaginative, history of the next world war. I had to refuse. I pointed out that it would take me at least eight months to write and that by that time imagination would be unnecessary.

THE appointment of a distinguished Admiral to the Army Council as Controller, or whatever it is, of Munitions will cause great spasms of fury in Malvern, Cheltenham, Clifton, and other haunts of the victors of Inkerman and Alma. It takes one right back to the days of the war, when Sir Douglas Shields, the surgeon, was a lieutenant-colonel and a rear-admiral simultaneously, and when Sir Eric Geddes was pretty nearly everything.

MR. RUNCIMAN may have painted a rosy picture of British prosperity (carefully omitting, of course, any reference to the depressing export figures), but I must confess I derive greater comfort, from the great Oppenheimer Sale. The prices in the sale-rooms are a pretty good index of the optimism of a country, and the Oppenheimer treasures reached some remarkable heights. It is particularly interesting that Australian confidence should have revived to such an extent that Australian purchases were numerous.

THE Labour Party was put in a sad dilemma over Mr. Philip Baker's victory in the Derby by-election. It wanted to acclaim the result as a smashing vindication of Socialist principles, etcetera, etcetera, and all the time it knew perfectly well that the result was due almost entirely to the personal intervention of Mr. Lloyd George. The Labour Party is still in that childish, prep-schoolboyish frame of mind which prefers defeat to victory with an ally's help. Marlborough was not like that at Blenheim, nor was Wellington at Waterloo, when he said, "Oh, for night, or Blücher!".

MR. OSWALD PIROW, South African Minister of Defence, seems to have some pretty queer notions about the German Colonies. He is all in favour of Germany getting a stake in Africa again. Being a Fascist and a vehement pro-Hitlerian, like Colonel Beck, of Poland, he is naturally anxious to please Berlin. But he draws the line at giving back German South-West Africa, which is now mandated to South Africa, or German East Africa, which was largely conquered by General Smuts in the war. In other words, Mr. Pirow is another example of that generosity which delights in giving away things which belong to other people.

A HARDY annual is with us again—the competition between the penny dailies for the "world's largest net sale." It crops up about once in three or four months. First one gets ahead and announces its figures "proved by audited certificate," while the others hide their heads in shame and announce nothing. Then, after a month or two of intensive campaigning, another gets ahead, and the points of view switch round. Just at the moment, the *Express* fancies itself as cock of the walk, and is challenging the *Herald* to the tune of a thousand pounds. The moral for the actual journalist is a sad one. More and more, as G. K. Chesterton pointed out, the journalist is becoming a man who writes on the backs of advertisements.

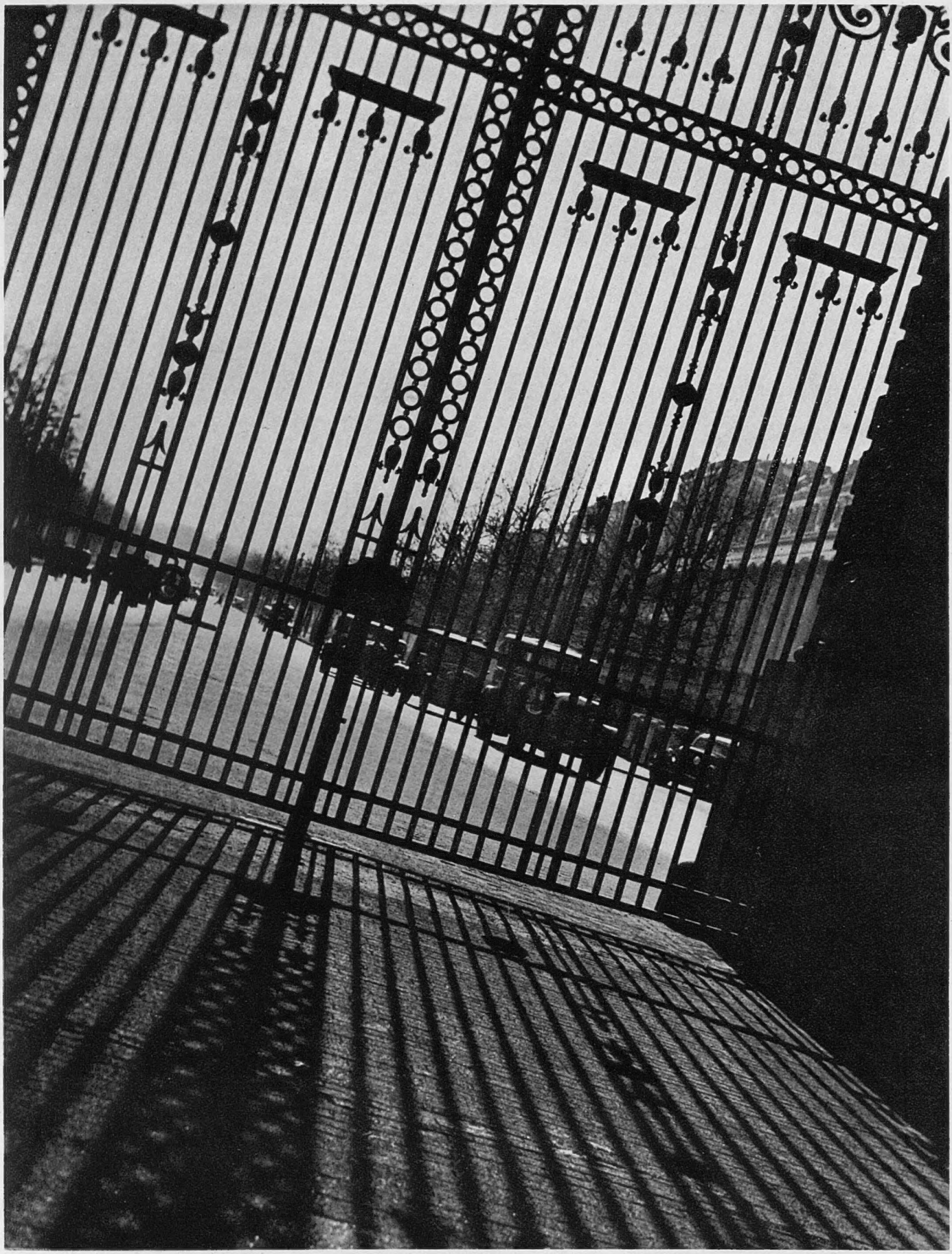
SIR JOHN SIMON'S defence of the police in the House of Commons was a characteristic display of red-herringry. No one had said a word against the ordinary policeman, whom Sir John so ably defended. The allegation was that somewhere, at some point in the constabulary hierarchy between the sergeant and the Home Secretary, there existed a pro-Fascist bias. This charge was not answered. No one in their senses wants to deny that the ordinary bobby has anything but an exceedingly delicate job which he carries out to the best of his ability. But also nobody can deny that there have been some pretty disquieting incidents lately which make one wonder exactly what instructions the ordinary bobby gets from "up above."

I AM sure that Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister of Ulster, is a very brilliant and charming man, but I must lodge my protest against his description of the British Empire as "the peoples of the Anglo-Saxon races." It is a description which makes a fine platform slogan. It is also a piece of muddle-headed cant. What about the Cornishman, the Welsh, the Channel Islander, the Irish, the Manx, the Scottish Highlander? Take a deep breath. What about the African Dutch, the Kaffir, the French Canadian, the myriad races of India?

THE A.A. Championships at the White City were the happiest possible augury for British success, on the track at any rate, if not in the field, at the Olympic Games. Presumably it is necessary from the diplomatic point of view to send a team to this demonstration of Nazi propaganda at Berlin, and so, if a team must be sent, it is at least satisfactory that our band of runners will be the finest that has ever left our shores to compete. It is also satisfactory to learn that, until the Games are over, there will be no more Jew-torturing in Germany. The Berlin Olympiad will at least have achieved something for the good of the world.

IN the world of cricket there is nothing to report but rain. The dismal July is taking all interest out of the Championship, and one's heart bleeds for the unfortunate Indians. (Incidentally, the announced return by air of "naughty boy" Amar Nath is rather comical. If Amar Nath did something which deserved so drastic a penalty as "being sent home," he should not be recalled. And if he did not, he should not have been so penalised.) I wonder what was the last year in which only seven batsmen had made a thousand runs by the middle of July? Grace, Bradman, Hayward, Hallows, Hammond, have made on occasion their thousand runs before the end of May.

Edward G. Robinson the American star, is working at Denham for Atlantic Film Productions, and not, as we stated, for London Films.



Norman Parkinson

Royal Road

An Admiralty Arch view of the Mall, along which most State Processions majestically roll. Yesterday and to-day the debutantes take possession, nervously chattering in their parents' motor-cars, on their way to King Edward's Garden Receptions at Buckingham Palace

Picture Gazing in Wiltshire

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were taken by Lady Pembroke, with whom they were staying, to the exhibition of pictures at the Old Deanery, Salisbury. The pictures were all lent from Wiltshire houses, and a superb collection they were. The exhibition was organised in aid of the Salisbury General Infirmary

Sandy Interlude

Weather Permitting

Outdoor Events, Mostly For Pleasure

The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Mr. C. B. Cochran, and Miss Iris Ashley were at Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's annual garden-party, and so, as usual, were Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, who always put up a good swimming-pool show

Below: more guests at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, were Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Miss Mollie Sullivan, and Mr. Ian Fleming. Although St. Swithin's morning was wet, it wasn't bad garden-party weather by the afternoon

The Ibstock Place Garden-Party

Lady Smiley and Lady Cecilia Wellesley were two of the guests. Lady Cecilia Wellesley is engaged to Lady Smiley's brother-in-law, Mr. John Smiley

at Frinton

Above: Miss Kay Stammers, Mr. "Dickie" Ritchie, and Miss A. E. L. McOstrich played in the Frinton tennis tournament, and spent non-playing intervals on the beach. Miss McOstrich lost in the third round; Miss Stammers and Mr. Ritchie were both in the Friday semi-finals

Above, right: Lady Plunket took her eldest son, Patrick Plunket, (thirteen in September) to see what cricket there was at Lord's

Right: Mr. "Plum" Warner shared his umbrella with a very small young gentleman from Eton

Below: Mr. Jack Profumo, Miss Bevan, Lord Erleigh, Lord Reading's son, and Miss Glenn sat on the bank of the Ibstock Place swimming-pool and watched braver people aquatically perform

Two Rainy Afternoons at Lord's

Garden-Party at Denham

Mrs. Norman Holden, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., were invited by Sir Edgar and Lady Horne to their garden-party at the Denham Studios estate; guests watched London Films units at work, and were shown over the studios

"O.H.M.S."

Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Bailey is the newest Gaumont-British star. He owns part of the land near Amesbury, where G. B.'s British Army film, "O.H.M.S.", is being made, and when he went out to watch the goings-on, Raoul Walsh, the American director, invited him to play the part of chief Chinese bandit. He accepted, and was such a success that he made some of the professionals more than jealous. He owns Lake House, a lovely place on the Avon; his wife, Lady Janet Bailey, is Lord Inchcape's sister

A St. Margaret's Wedding and a St. Michael's Wedding— *—Two*

The Hon. William Palmer, Lord and Lady Wolmer's eldest son, married Miss Priscilla Egerton-Warburton at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Captain John Egerton-Warburton, who was killed in the war, and the Hon. Mrs. John Waters, Lord Newton's eldest daughter

Mr. Richard Hobson, 12th Royal Lancers, and Miss Joan Dudgeon were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Hobson, of Cornhill, Pattishall, Towcester, and she is the daughter of the late H. W. Dudgeon and Mrs. Dudgeon, of 49, Grosvenor Street

A christening group at Brompton Oratory, at the naming of Nell Mary, Mr. Philip and Lady Mary Dunn's baby daughter: Mr. Philip Dunn, Lady Dufferin (god-mother), Lady Mary Dunn, with Nell Mary and two-year-old Serena, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd and Lady Hardwicke (god-mother). The other godparents were Mr. Robin Wilson, Lady Weymouth, and Mrs. Philip Dunn

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

LONDON was terrible last week. This bumper season of ours, with all the visitors spending their tens of thousands, is just a menace to mere workers like ourselves.

In the heart of the West End, it is quicker to walk than take a taxi, and easier to bant than to try and get a table for luncheon or dinner. It all sounds very good for trade, and for our figures, but it's tiring and tiresome. However, it will all soon be over, and the tourists, country cousins and distinguished foreigners will have our old London to themselves.

Hither and Thither

WELCOME signs of a slackening of the pace, however, become almost apparent. Exhausted mammas, overtired debs, and bored young men are making plans to depart hither and thither, ready to call this season a day.

Conversation turns on departures and holiday plans wherever one goes. All the elder well-knowns and the younger highbrows seem to be going to, or near to, Salzburg for the Festival. "Hearties" are off to the Olympic Games, a band of "faithfuls" to the Riviera.

Warmth, bull-fights, and the rate of exchange make Spain seem attractive, in spite of political disturbances.

Good mothers of young families content themselves with the peace and quiet of Littlestone and Frinton, and so it goes on.

Must Park Yourself

HAMMERMET, that little-known paradise in North Africa, sounds as if it had great charm, but you must apparently take a villa or park yourself on friends. Mrs. Ivor Back is off there this week; Mr. Bob Lebus and Mr. Porter Woodruff, the well-known American artist, are there already.

Lady Assheton-Smith and Lady Alexandra Haig, who have taken a castle near Salzburg, left last week, the former driving her own new Packard, Lady "Zandra" following, less adventurously, with a chauffeur.

Miss Liza Maugham, a bride of this week, is lucky in possessing a father who owns one of the loveliest villas on the Riviera, and it is there that the young Paravicinis will spend their honeymoon.

Where the Stars Relax

MANY well-known people have already retired to the country near London, and are leading peaceful, healthy lives, coming up once or twice a week.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence, whom we ran into while lunching at Claridge's, was extolling the charms of a country club, where the film stars at Elstree relax and sleep when their labours in the studio are over.

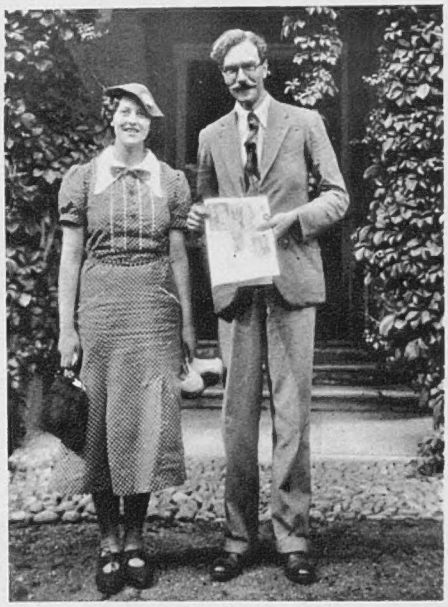
She has been staying there herself, and Miriam Hopkins, who has a house near by, uses the club for outdoor exercise in her spare time.

Lady Peel's Appeal

It must be Lady Peel's great appeal that is drawing everybody to the Café de Paris on these midsummer nights.

Even last Monday there was not one chair left, and certainly no hang-over space on the balcony.

Mrs. Corrigan presided over a large party, and wore a black dress and her magnificent pearls. With her were the



Honeymoon Couple

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Meynell (she was Jean Goschen) were married in June, and have been honeymooning in Austria (where Lady Goschen owns a castle), the Dalmatian coast, and Venice. This snapshot was taken in Austria, just as they were looking at their wedding photograph in "The Bystander"

Daughters Christened, and—

Sir John and Lady Child's second daughter was christened at the Guards' Chapel and given the names Honor Diana. Sir John Child, who is holding his eldest daughter, Deidre Kathleen, first met his wife when he was A.D.C. to Lord Bessborough in Canada (she was Sheila Mathewson). Lady Bessborough was one of the godparents

—an Engagement

Mr. William Rhodes-Moorhouse and Miss Amalia Demetriadi announced their engagement last week. He is the son of the late Capt. W. B. Rhodes-Moorhouse, the first airman to get a V.C. Amalia Demetriadi is Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi's daughter

At the Kchesinska Gala

Mr. Thomas Wanamaker was with Lady Peel at the flower-strewn Covent Garden gala for Mme. Mathilde Kchesinska, the prima ballerina assoluta of Czarist Russia. Lady Peel, under her maiden name, made London cry, "Beatrice Lillie is back!" three weeks ago, and has been packing the Café de Paris ever since

Colin Buists, the "Flash" Kellets, the Peter Thursbys (she looking charming in pale blue), and Lord and Lady Weymouth, the latter wearing three large glass stars of different colours in her dark hair.

Brains and Bravery

ACROSS the room, in another large party, were Lord and Lady Stavordale, Sir Richard Sykes, the Countess of Kimberley and the Duchess of Sutherland; the two last-named both wearing dresses of grey chiffon, one pleated, the other boasting large grey petals on one shoulder.

Mr. Jock Whitney, who only landed that day from America, arrived with Lady Alexandra and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, Lady Eleanor Smith, Mr. Anton Dolin, and Lord Stanley of Alderley provided ringside laughs. In a corner, brains, chic, and bravery were represented by Mr. Henry Horne, Mme. Schiaparelli, and Jim and Amy Mollison.

From the balcony, beauties like Mrs. Barbara Walsh and Miss Irene Mann Thompson, at adjacent tables, looked down on the crowded room. Mrs. Walsh wore two large white roses on her forehead, separated by a cock-eyed black tulle brim. Maybe it was a hat!

Just Plain Stupid

GOSSIP may be divided into several categories: harmless, malicious, and just plain stupid.

The last-named applies to thoughtless references to recent gambling week-ends in Le Touquet, when well-known young men, well known to possess moderate incomes, are said to have lost two, three, or four thousand pounds.

Apart from the tiresome inaccuracy of such statements, it must be more than embarrassing for the said young men to face their families, their creditors (if they have any) and their friends.

If a young man is unfortunate enough to lose, shall we say? one thousand pounds, it can't help him in any way to be said to lose three or four times that amount. In fact, it may do him infinite harm, and in this way the just plain, stupid, inaccurate gossipers come under the heading of malicious.

Some Sort of Consolation

IT is hard luck to be ill at this time of year, although a seasonable heat-wave might make the luck even harder.

Mrs. Nigel Gunnis, who has had appendicitis and been very ill, was looking frail and pale, but as lovely as ever, when we saw her at a cinema last week. She was with Lord and Lady Brecknock.

Another recent invalid, now happily recovered, is Mrs. Sidney Vanden Berg, who developed that very painful sort of throat known as quinsy on the eve of her departure for Cannes, where she has a very lovely villa, called the Villa Eidelweiss, on the Californie. We hear that the loss of half a stone in weight in one week was regarded as a consolation by this particular victim.

More Spanish than Indian

WE were apologising for our atrocious summer weather to Prince Karim of Kapurthala when we met him at luncheon at Lord Berners' country house last Sunday. But he laughed and thought nothing of it. "It is warm," he said. "And if you think this is rain, you should experience one of our monsoons!"

The Princess was there, too. She is very small, perfectly lovely, and looks more Spanish than Indian, especially in her very smart country clothes.

Original in Everything

ROSAMOND LEHMANN, whose new book, *Weather in the Streets*, is just out, was also there. She and her husband, Wogan Phillips, live in the neighbourhood.

We went over to Sutton Courtenay to see Mrs. Lindsay, and it was tragic to see her lovely garden looking sad and sodden after perpetual rain. Miss Edith Wharton, the famous authoress, was staying there, and is engaged on finishing her sixteenth or seventeenth novel.

Mrs. Lindsay is a fascinating personality, completely original in everything she does and says (the latter is always amusing). She has been persuaded to use her taste and knowledge of gardens in a professional capacity, her expert advice being much sought after.

MISS PEEPS

Mr. Robert Dorrien-Smith and Miss Rosemarie Lucas-Tooth

Mr. Robert Dorrien-Smith, 15th-19th Hussars, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Isles of Scilly, and Miss Rosemarie Helen Lucas-Tooth were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Miss Lucas-Tooth is the elder daughter of the late Major Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth and Mrs. John Smyth-Osbourne, of Hardres Court, Canterbury

Mr. Stafford Howard Stepney, son of the late Sir Stafford Howard and Lady Howard Stepney, and Miss Ursula Horlick were married at the Brompton Oratory. Miss Horlick is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. N. Horlick, and Mrs. Horlick. After the reception, they went by air to Amsterdam

The Hon. David Brand and the Hon. Imogen Rhys had a huge wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week. He is Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's second son, and a first cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was at the wedding. The bride is Lord and Lady Dynevor's only daughter. They have gone to Belgium for their honeymoon

Three Weddings

The Hon. David Brand and the Hon. Imogen Rhys

Mr. Howard Stepney and Miss Ursula Horlick

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 30

Owen Nares

OWEN NARES is the most reluctant matinée idol in the history of the stage. He would much rather have been a country squire or a dilettante author or anyone else who can potter about without interference. My own opinion is that he should have been a don or a schoolmaster. The undergraduates or schoolboys would have adored him. In private life he has just the voice of an Oxford tutor. Cultured, kindly, patient, painstaking, undeterred by interruptions, queries, or other side issues, Owen Nares is the gentle grandson of a clergyman, born at Maiden Erleigh and educated at Reading. He is intrinsically shy. You can tell that from the way he keeps his blue eyes fixed on the person he knows best when in a crowded room. His habit of looking at the ceiling when talking is another proof of this. So is his way of winding string round his finger when with strangers. Indeed, he describes himself as "a weak, obstinate man, used to being a doormat, without much temper or temperament, punctual to a fault, and always catching trains with half an hour to spare."

OWEN NARES is not interested either in food or in drink. He is completely unobservant, possesses no intuition, played bowls as a boy before he took an interest in cricket with the Thespids, and has had six different houses in St. John's Wood. People bore him as much as architectural beauties delight him. He is a dyed-in-the-wool sightseer, preferring to see the sights in silence. For, despite his own even flow of words, he does not care much about conversation. But although forty-seven now, nobody has yet heard him say an unkind word about anyone else.

His first appearance on the stage was in *Her Father*, at the Haymarket, where he got a guinea a week in a walking-on part. His first real notices were about his performance at the Little in *The Blindness of Virtue*. Next came *Milestones* and *Diplomacy*, and then his smash hit in *Romance*, with Doris Keane. His usual modesty had made him ask for only fifty pounds a week for this part. Years later he was told that the management would have given him twice that. Thus he lost four thousand pounds during that single run.

At the moment he is in *Call It a Day*, which recently celebrated its three hundredth performance at the Globe. He has also been making a talkie, although on principle he does not approve of actors "doubling" in this way and working for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four.

Owen Nares has two sons and a wife, the former Marie Polini, who is half-Italian. His looks are as immaculate as ever. He still suffers from acute nerves at a first night, like all first-class actors. He keeps Russell terriers, takes a great interest in county cricket, and always sees only the best in everybody.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Dark Fantastic Toes

Star beauties of the show are Lavaida Carter and Eunice Wilson who mostly sing but also dance

Sketches by Rouson

Keeping a twinkle in eyes and feet: Harold Nicholas and the Blackbirds

Right: hot-dog argument between Gallie de Gaston and Tim Moore

"Blackbirds of 1936" (Gaiety Theatre)

IT is exactly ten years ago that the Blackbirds first alighted in London with their revue at the Pavilion, and ever since that day they can always count on a riotous welcome from their fans, though, alas! they have never found a star to replace Florence Mills, who was so full of talent and subtle charm.

The present show might be described as the "noisy noise that annoys an oyster most," but "oysters" were in the minority among the audience, most of whom, by their appreciation, added to the general terrific din of band and performers. Rhapsody aptly describes the technique of these negro players; they seem obsessed with the exuberance of their own vitality, and they present their scenes, sometimes glittering and exotic, sometimes full of childlike humour, with such sincerity that they must become acceptable.

IN the ballet "Akosiah's Wedding," based on an African legend, the decor is a nightmare of colour gone mad and the music more than usually frenzied, but the dancing of Anise and Aland is full of a wild and primitive grace. In fact, the dancing throughout the whole show is quite marvellous; the speed and agility of the Four Bobs has to be seen to be believed, and what Danny does when he dances with his skipping rope is almost incredible.

They are all at their best when exploiting their traditional negro art, and it is a pity they copy the more conventional European ideas by giving an operatic parody, set in a barber's shop. True, it is well carried out and gives an opportunity for some good singing, but it has been done so often before. It was a happier idea to open the second part of the programme with a travesty of the old-fashioned nigger minstrels, complete with Massa Bones. In this scene Gus Simons brought the house down by his fervent singing of "Great Gittin' Up Morning," accompanied by the Rosamund A. Johnson choir; there were the most vociferous, but unfulfilled, demands for an encore.

ONE of the more striking items is the sketch "She Done Me Wrong," taken from the well-known song, "Frankie and Johnnie." The trial scene in a Harlem court of justice is extraordinarily effective; the stage is in darkness, the figures of the judge and the prosecuting and defending attorneys showing dimly, while the faces of the jury and spectators are picked out with strong green spot-lights. At the end there is a grim little back scene shown, with the condemned man slowly mounting the steps to the gallows.

Mention must be made of some clever singing by Lavaida Carter, Maude Russell and Emmett Wallace, and as the two comedians, Tim Moore and Gallie de Gaston are excellent foils for one another. The dances are arranged by Buddy Bradley, who did such excellent work for *Follow the Sun*. The wonder is that not only can he think out such intricate steps, but that dancers can be found to execute them.

Le Touquet Reminiscences: By Molly Bishop

Most people arrived in an aeroplane

Right: Mr. Robin Wilson conducted the auction

Below: the neat head of the Countess de Pret Roose

Lord Fitzwilliam

Lady Mary Hervert played high and long at the big table

Roger the Caddie

Mr. "Lizzie" Lezard (above) and his peculiar putting stance (left)

Left: Lord Portarlington

The Duke of Marlborough (above) played golf against Major Charlie Clarke (left)

Lord Manton in the piscine

Lord Weymouth sang a hot number at the Casanova

Lady Dufferin and Ava and her blue eyeshade

Invitation to Stand

A Fork-Lunch and a Cocktail-Party

Fork-Lunch for a Deb

Just above are Miss Veronica Dalglish and Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's youngest brother. Veronica Dalglish is Mrs. Charles Dalglish's ex-debutante daughter

In the centre snapshot above is the host, Mr. "Jimmy" Drummond-Hay, talking to Princess Natasha Bagration and Miss Nancy Malcolmson

Left: the fork-lunch party was given for Miss Marian French by Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, and there they both are. Marian French is Col. French's attractive debutante daughter

Cocktail Party for a Coming-of-Age

Miss Diana Mills gave a cocktail-party to celebrate her own twenty-first birthday, and held it in the garden of her mother's house in Neville Terrace. She is a granddaughter of the late Hon. Algernon Mills, and a cousin of Lord Hillingdon; her mother, Mrs. Hilma Mills, is Australian

Above: Miss Elizabeth Charrington and Mr. Desmond Magill were at Diana Mills's party. He was in the Eton XI., and is still a keen cricketer

Right: Miss Christian Davidson and Lord St. Aldwyn were two more of Miss Mills's friends who arrived with presents and to drink cocktails

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BETHLEM HOSPITAL, "Bedlam" to our forefathers, entered on the third phase of its long existence the other day when the Duke and Duchess of York opened it as an Imperial War Museum. Bethlem began in Bishopsgate in the thirteenth century as a hospital tended by monks and nuns. When Henry VIII. became Pope, the City authorities turned it into a lay lunatic-house, and a century later they pulled it down and re-erected it in Moorfields, where it became a popular recreation ground for the citizenry, who went there on Sunday afternoons to laugh at the lunatics and stir them up to all sorts of diverting tricks. See *The London Spy*, by rattling Ned Ward, for a jolly chapter on Bedlam, which was also the Empire Promenade of its day. ("Mistresses, we found, were to be had there of all Ranks, Qualities, Colours, Prices, and Sizes, from the *Velvet-Scarf* to the *Scotch-Plad Petticoat.*") Finally they pulled this building down and built the present one in St. George's Fields, Lambeth, and the obvious pacifist jape that Bedlam is still fulfilling its primal destiny has duly been recorded.

Among those millions of moon-children who remain outside recognised hospitals for the insane are numbers of the semi-cracked who are generally delightful people. "Originals" in our experience are for the most part good-hearted, gay, charming, and full of interest, superior to the great dull mass of mediocrity and egotism surrounding them, complacently enslaved by its own lack of imagination. Three of our own dearest friends are a little cracked in the eyes of the majority. One of them, plainly near the border-line, goes about maintaining that this is a free country, and is always getting fearful thwacks from Fate for questioning the wisdom of the Authorities. Horn-madness, we call that.

Mission-Field

IT seems from a recent appeal to the Press that the inhabitants of Corfu are hungry for cricket—

> My object in writing is to try to induce shipping companies to make Corfu a more frequent port of call . . . and also to remind cricketers visiting Corfu not to forget to take with them a surprise-packet of old gear, which their Corfiote brothers would greatly appreciate.

It will naturally be asked, how far has this made the Corfiotes better chaps? Pending an answer, you may remember the successful 'Mbongo experiment of a few years ago, when one devoted sahib working single-handed in the Bush was able to train and form two quite decent elevens from a tribe of fierce man-eating blacks. Gradually these cannibals ceased to lie, to steal, and to swing the lead, and by degrees became—the First Eleven especially—actually nobler than their benefactor. For he, alas, took to drink, as sahibs sometimes do, gave up dressing for dinner, took to reading French novels, and generally let the side down. "Play the game, sir!" the cannibals would shout coldly as they heard him sniggering in his tent on their way to evening nets. "Dashed hard cheese," one of the more horse-faced batsmen would add, adjusting his topknot, "having a rotter like that about!" Eventually they discovered that he wasn't laughing at French stories but at them.

At length a Low Church missionary bishop arrived, missed the sahib, and asked the First Eleven captain casually if they'd eaten him. "No, sir," said the captain, flushing slightly. "Oh, rotten play, sir!" shouted both elevens instantly. "He's told a lie, sir!" The result was that the captain was jolly well sent to Coventry for his untruth, and the side lost to 'Mpupu Wanderers by two wickets and eighteen runs—a pretty ghastly state of affairs, as the bishop frigidly pointed out.

Riposte

STUDIOUSLY examining the yearly crop of Speech Day oratory, to which *The Times* devotes such space, for some reason, we found this recent passage did most arride and tickle us:

> Referring to games, he said that with a moving ball and with players constantly changing position they were taught to make quick decisions by deductions from observations of things round, which would be of great use in after-life.

This prize item apart, the usual vague, heavy bumblings, uttered for the most part as it were through three thicknesses of woollen blanket, were delivered by the usual bigwigs. In the Ideal State (we thought sympathetically) there will be a momentary pause after the speaker has sat down, mopping his rosy gills. Then the Head Boy will rise with a graceful but shattering address of thanks, inquiring who the devil the bigwig thinks he is, anyway; to what extent, if any, the bigwig himself has followed the maxims he has just been emitting with such loathsome unction; whether he deems himself an example to the young, a king-pin and a superman; alternatively, whether he isn't just a bit of a flabby old menace with cod-eyes, incipient phlebitis, and a high blood-pressure (or,

"Don't move"

"They're still rising, Throgmorton"

if the bigwig prefers it in the more vulgar words of Stalky a Gadarene Swine, a Bargee, a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker, and a Jelly-Bellied Flag-Flapper); and, finally, if he will kindly remove himself from the gaze of his bored and irritated audience in the shortest time possible.

Naturally this little speech would be in choice Latin, the unconscious bigwig smiling blandly throughout and bowing polite acknowledgment of the more Virgilian passages.

Dumb Friends' Corner

THAT was an interesting High Court case the other day involving 700 healthy howling cockerels on a farm who drove the tenant of an adjoining cottage nearly crazy by day and by night. Plaintiff described the noise as resembling that of a Cup Tie crowd and a pack of hounds in full cry. He also wrote in his diary: "The piercing yelling of these beasts is enough to drive one mad. . . . Experienced a strong desire to shoot the beasts." This must make bitter reading for Our Dumb Friends' League. On the other hand, the issue was a pretty clear one from their standpoint, whereas if some dear little blonde actress had been charged with shooting the birds—what a dilemma, children, reasonably speaking! What a perfectly lousy dilemma! Extract from proceedings:

JUDGE: Driven crazy, as you allege, by the yelling of these poor dumb birds, you got a gun and shot them?
ACCUSED (dimpling): Ess.
JUDGE: Oh, you awful! Oh, you terrible!
MR. YELP, K.C.: Begylushp's pardon, she's dumb as hell herself.
JUDGE: Eh?
MR. YELP: I've got seventy-eight witnesses who've met her at parties. Is she dumb! (to accused) Baby, are you dumb? Please! Are you dumb? Pretty, please!
ACCUSED (dimpling): Tan't tay!
JUDGE (weeping): Dumb! Poor little girl! Poor lonesome waif! Poor little painted wanton! (Roars.) MRS. BODDIBLEAU!

The case would end naturally in an acquittal, the poor little actress having obviously the prior claim on the tenderness of Our Dumb Friends' League, who would be severely told off, leaving everybody looking dazed and silly.

Row, Dogs, Row

THE Elder Statesmen of the rowing world, including Mr. G. O. Nickalls, Mr. Steve Fairbairn, and the Leander coach, have been having a dignified scuffle over this year's exhibition of first-class English rowing ("now practically non-existent," says bitter Mr. Payne, of Leander) at Henley. It seems there is a word "Fairbairnism." It seems also that the Japanese and the Swiss didn't walk away with the pots through art-magic, but because they had carefully thought out their system of disturbing the water with bits of wood. Rowing men we've talked to agree—those who were at Henley and are articulate—that the speed and efficiency of the Japanese made hon. observer's eyeballs start from distinguished head.

There's one perpetual consolation left to the vanquished, which is that the unfortunate victors undoubtedly all have dangerous affections of the heart by now, cracked ganglions, fractured capillaries, hyperatrophy of Bustard's Gland, metabolic lesions of the ternary rhizotome, and compound triple ankylosis of the cardiac valves. Non-rowing men may think it rather foolish to get all these things, but rowing men like being in agony. Observe their poor, tortured faces as they strain madly at the oar. Observe them lying about the boat when the struggle is over, purple, black, gasping, dying, or dead, strewn about like broken marionettes. When the authorities in earlier ages condemned criminals to the galleys they left out only one thing—a tasty coloured ribbon for each slave to wear round his gent's boater. This would have encouraged the Competitive Spirit and would have made many a Mediterranean battle a jolly good sporting event. Nobody ever thought of this (not even St. Vincent de Paul,

"Isn't Roger wonderful? **Beethoven!"**

Apostle to the Galleys), yet it would have made all the difference to the chaps at the oars, rowing men tell us.

Wurlitzer Pity Dept.

"SEATED one day on the organ
I was weary and ill at ease. . . .

But you probably remember the beautiful words, inspired in a member of the League of Warm Hearts on seeing an ailing monkey fall off a hurdy-gurdy. Though there 's no apparent connection, we thought of these lines when we heard of the slightly fussy installing of the B.B.C.'s new £10,000 super-cinema organ and the importance of finding somebody to play it. The chief reason a lot of F.R.C.O.s boycott the cinema organ, we 're told, is that going up and down in a hot amber spotlight makes 'em sick. Another thing they don't much care about is the bell which rings and the vivid little red or blue lights which flash up every time they shoot the ball—no, we 're thinking of pin-tables. Anyhow, it 's chiefly the lift-like movement which appals them, as it would have appalled old Johann Sebastian himself, with his whacking white cauliflower wig, not to speak of Master Hugues, of Saxe-Gotha, the first to play an organ with an axe.

(" Just now, your masterpiece, hard Number Twelve,
Here 's what should strike, could one handle it cunningly :
Help the axe, give it a helve ! ")

That was before the days when a noble instrument could be turned into a circus exhibit.

We held a theory about the big B.B.C. concert organ, and we hold it equally about this one—namely, that it 's " fey." Nobody dared play the B.B.C. concert organ for a long time, because the Vox Humana stop delivered a shower of birdseed when pulled, and the Swell-to-Great shot out a neat green card telling the organist's fortune (" Two women dominate your life, one dark, one fair. You are loyal, artistic, fond of games, fearlessly truthful, not easily influenced," etc., etc.) The B.B.C. denied this hotly at the time, but it was the talk of every organ-loft in town. The new organ, called on in due course to render howling negroid cacophonies or melodies of sickening sweetness, will probably rear up and dance, exuding cheap scent from every pore.

Archæology Forecast

GRUBBING about in the ruins of our civilisation a few years hence, the explorer (it occurred to us the other day, apropos of nothing) will get a pretty odd idea of English life in the thirties of the twentieth century if he picks up any penny newspaper and studies the ads. His impression will be that these islands were packed with broken-hearted girls being avoided by their friends and acquaintance for being spotty and having shiny noses, dull teeth, uncared-for finger-nails, and—other things. At dances and tennis-teas they hung about deserted and forlorn, shunned like lepers, while handsome, cruel young men averted their eyes, dancing past with cutting asides. When they did get an admirer he instantly cast them off with a snarl on finding out their secret. At every party the Untouchable, shining and spotty, stood helpless and agonised in the middle of the floor, while crowds of exquisites, fair as Apollo, fought for the favours of girls with smooth complexions. (The situation was the more poignant in certain cases because even the Untouchable's best friends dared not tell her. . . .)

What the explorer will ask himself, we imagine, is why on earth none of these social pariahs ever waded into the sneering mob with a hatchet, glorying in her spots and inviting 'em to come on and take it. Surely a more truly British act than subsiding with maudlin tears on to the bosom of somebody's Auntie and surrendering weakly to Globulene ?

Tailpiece

IF it is true, as recently alleged by some " expert " or other, that our ears are steadily growing larger and longer, and that if we lived to be a thousand they 'd grow to the size of elephant's ears, it 's probably a good sign if it means more people are using their ears. If you remember the insignificant Monsieur Goubin in the story, he had only one distinguished feature, his enormous ears, " richesse unique de cet organisme indigent ; M. Goubin avait le don naturel et l'art d'écouter." Such ears keep a person's head straight, assist the swimmer, and in sultry weather are a natural punkah, a pleasant thing to have, whether in the blaze of the sun or under waving trees :

" Where loud the blackbird cheers his bride
By some umbrageous vicarage."

And they are a boon, above all, to the gossip-boys in these days of round, rather high keyholes, as Lord Howl admitted when he engaged Mr. Babble.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" She says she only wants bread and butter "

"Bystander" Short Story No. 47

Enterprise :

By Charles Birkin

MRS. GOODHEART was a very fortunate woman. Blessed with the face of a saint, she inspired instinctive confidence among her large and devoted circle of acquaintances, who regarded her as a cross between a mother confessor and the shrewd old woman that indeed she was.

She sat now, at the close of a chilly April afternoon, her frail shoulders wrapped in a thick and loosely-knitted Shetland shawl, her hands folded peacefully in her lap—hands that still retained their beauty, as graceful in repose as when they busily twitched the needles that, together with the basket of bright wools, gave silent testimony of her industry.

There was silence in the comfortable room, broken intermittently by the rustle of the settling coals and an occasional complaint from the ancient parrot that gazed steadfastly from the cage by the window.

A litter of used teacups and cigarette ash showed the lengthy visit that Mrs. Goodheart's companion had paid her.

"It has been sweet of you," the girl said suddenly. "I 'm sure that you must have plenty of troubles of your own, without listening to mine; but that disgusting paragraph in *Mayfair Murmurs* really was a little too much. You do see how annoying it was, don't you ? "

Mrs. Goodheart looked at the troubled and lovely young face opposite her.

"Not 'sweet,' my dear child. I treasure your confidence. Young people always come to me when they are unhappy or in distress. You see, I realise how much it means to them, and yet how unimportant such things are when you look back on them. It 's one of the compensations for having grown old that one can sometimes help others from one's own long experience of life." She smiled, and added : "And you know how interested I have always been in you, Vera."

Vera Chumley picked up her hat. "You are a darling ! Anyway, I feel much happier now that I 've told you everything, and you won't tell a soul, will you ? . . . but I know you too well to ask such a silly question. I simply must fly ! " She collected her gloves and bent down to kiss the old lady. "I 'll show myself out and get a taxi at the corner."

Left alone, Mrs. Goodheart permitted herself a worried frown of compassion. These young people . . . groping, muddle-headed children . . . no sense of proportion whatsoever. Almost absent-mindedly she jotted down a few notes on a pad that was tethered to her waist by a thin gold chain. She nodded with fatigue and with the heat of the room, and presently sank into a peaceful doze.

A knock on the door wakened her, and she sat up with a start.

"Come in ! "

Who could this be ? she wondered. She was expecting no further visitors. In fact, she had had a busy and exhausting day. A young man burst in. He was extremely handsome and appeared to be in a state of considerable agitation.

"My dear boy ! How nice to see you ! Sit down. What has happened ? One moment and I 'll ring for some fresh tea—or perhaps you would sooner have a whisky and soda ? No ? Why, whatever is the matter ? "

"I 've got to tell someone," Tony said ; "She 's left me . . . she 's gone . . . Angela 's *gone* . . walked out on me for good ! "

"There, there, Tony. I 'm sure that it can't be as serious as you think. Calm yourself, dear, and tell me all about it. I can't bear you to be so unhappy."

"There 's not so very much to tell, as a matter of fact," the young man replied miserably "She left a note saying that she 'd gone off with Leslie Fenton . . . couldn't stick me any longer, I suppose."

"Poor boy . . . sit in that chair and give yourself a cigarette. I 'm sure there must be some mistake. Angela would never do such a thing. She 's very fond of you." Mrs. Goodheart stared into the fire. "Leslie Fenton . . . is that the Marquess of Fenton, Tony ? "

"Yes, the filthy little swine—and Barbara is going to have a baby next month, too. She 's simply devoted to him—the Lord only knows why," he finished unhappily.

"Dear me ! What a lot of misery there seems to be. But things may not be so serious as you think, after all. What does your mother say ? "

He threw away his half-smoked cigarette and laughed bitterly. "Mother is gallivanting round the Pacific with Jeremy Crale, on his yacht. They sailed on Saturday. Mary . . . how can Angela possibly care two hoots about me if she can do a thing like this ? Please forgive me if I am being a bore, but I had to come straight to you."

"That was very sweet of you." The old lady's eyes softened. "Try not to worry. I 'll see what I can do. Just give an old woman a little time to put on her 'thinking cap.' Perhaps you had better go now and come back to see me again to-morrow."

Tony got up. "You are wonderful, Mary ; I knew you 'd understand. It all seems so horrible. . . . . We always had such fun together . . ." he laughed rather shakily, "I can hardly believe it 's happened."

"There 's so little one can do at such times to help. I understand so well. Sadness comes to us all sooner or later. You must try to trust in your good stars."

When he had gone Mrs. Goodheart sat motionless, blinking at the glowing coals. After a time she struggled laboriously to her feet and, with the help of her ebony cane, she tapped her way to her desk, on which stood the telephone. Adjusting her spectacles she dialed a number with precision. While she waited for the dual "burr, burr" to be answered, she amused herself by tickling the parrot with the end of her pencil—an attention that that venerable bird strongly resented.

"Hello . . . Central 8888 ? Is that *Mayfair Murmurs* ? I want to speak to the Editor, please . . . No, *no* ; not Mr. Lang. . . . I think you 'd better put me through to Mr. Beckwith . . . Mrs. Goodheart speaking . . ." She unfastened her writing pad and put it carefully under the lamp, where she could conveniently see it. "Hello ! Is that Mr. Beckwith ? . . . This is Mary Goodheart here. . . . Good evening, Mr. Beckwith . . . It 's about your column 'Rifts in Lutes' . . . I have a number of interesting and, I may say, exclusive items."

As she listened to the man's voice at the other end of the wire her face assumed an expression of amused tolerance. . . . "Oh, dear me, no, Mr. Beckwith. . . . I think it should be a guinea a paragraph. . . . No, please don't waste my time. . . . Doubtless *Town Topics* would be more generous. . . . I 'm sure that they will be interested. . . . You must remember it was I who told you about Miss Vera Chumley's operation. . . . Very well, I *knew* you 'd be sensible. . . . are you ready ? Then take this down : '*Where is the young baronet's wife whose name begins with an A ? We hear that she 's left him.* (Full stop, new paragraph.) '*We hear Lady Fenton is expecting a blessed event, but that Leslie won't be there.*' (Full stop, new paragraph.) '*We hear that General Post is back in favour and that Lady Strathers and Lord Fenton are both enthusiasts. . . .*' "

As she talked she put a neat little cross against the items on her list. . . . Mrs. Goodheart *was* such a dear old lady.

Decoration by Lowen

Miss Goodheart looked at the troubled and lovely young face opposite her

Howard Coster

Georges Perinal — Camera-Man

Georges Perinal is another in the long succession of migratory master-craftsmen who 've found, in this century or that, a working home in England. This slim, serious Frenchman with the untidy hair, who is one of the greatest camera-men in the world, was born in Vincennes thirty-eight years ago, has been in films since he was eighteen, fell in with René Clair in time to photograph *Le Million*, *À Nous la Liberté* and *14 Juillet* for him, and soon after that came to England to work for Korda on *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. He is still with Korda, and the last few weeks has been taking *Rembrandt*. Meantime he 'd photographed *Catherine the Great*, *Don Juan*, *Sanders of the River* and that technical miracle, *Things to Come*. Perinal has never been to America, doesn't particularly want to go, knows some English but generally speaks French, communicates by a code of signals with the lighting technicians on the set, who understand every gesture, and never loses his temper

Portrait of Pearl Argyle

One of her most attractive parts as ballerina of the Vic-Wells Company inspired this portrait of Pearl Argyle; she was painted in the dress she wore in the Handel-de Valois ballet *The Gods Go a-Begging*. She danced all last season at Sadler's Wells, but is not going with the company on their provincial tour, which starts at Birmingham on August 3rd; she may, however—and her admirers hope she will—return to them for next winter's season. She is a leading member of the Ballet Club. In private life she is Mrs. Kurt Bernhardt, having married the German film director a month or two ago; has herself appeared in one or two films

Yevonde

Lady Gloria Fisher

Lady Gloria Fisher is the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's three daughters. Last year she married Nigel Fisher, son of the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, and they now have a small house in Cadogan Street, Chelsea. She is twenty this year, came out in 1934, when everyone compared her debutante looks with those of her lovely mother, who as Señorita Regina Bittencourt was one of the beauties of London's just-pre-war seasons before she married Lord Lisburne in 1914. Lady Gloria Fisher's second sister, Lady Honor Vaughan, will be one of next year's eighteen-year-olds

Robert Montgomery in "The Suicide Club"

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are together again in "The Suicide Club," the third R. L. Stevenson book to be made film ("Dr. Jekyll" and "Treasure Island" were others); it was at the Empire last week

Below: W. C. Fields rose from the sick bed to play the quack professor in "Poppy," Paramount's otherwise undistinguished tale of small-town love. Rochelle Hudson (with "W.C." below) is his daughter and Richard Cromwell turns up to be her lover. "Poppy" went to the Plaza ten days back

Films of the Day

An Ambitious Failure

By George Campbell

ORDINARILY the film men fight shy of R. L. Stevenson. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been done both as a silent and as a talkie, and so, of course, has *Treasure Island*. But *The Wreckers, The Ebb Tide, The Black Arrow, Catriona, Kidnapped*—any of these, with skilful adaptation, would made a goodish talkie; better, anyway, than *The Suicide Club*, just picked on by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Stevenson, like most Scotsmen, had a streak of the perverse whimsiness carried to such painful, if profitable, extremes by Sir James Barrie. You may detect it in his poetry, and in his essays—remember the bit about laughingly leaving money on the ground, in *Travels with a Donkey*, to pay for his lodging beneath the pines and the stars? It crops up even in his tales of the grotesque and arabesque, like *The Suicide Club*. If you could believe in Prince Florizel and his Princess—but you cannot, and that is why the picture is a failure. You may make people do all manner of queer things in print, you may put the most fanciful balderdash into their mouths and get away with it, but stage it, or screen it, and there is the acid test. Audiences who have no literary skill themselves may be learned in human nature; they could not define a split infinitive if you paid them, but they detect a stuffed shirt on sight.

EVERYTHING that can be done for *The Suicide Club*, short of re-writing it completely, has been done. Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Rosalind Russell—there 's a cast for young playwrights to dream on. They almost succeed in injecting life into *The Suicide Club*, notwithstanding the handicap of a Ruritanian beginning and aggressively "period" dialogue. Almost, but not quite. Despite certain points—the duel between Reginald Owen and Robert Montgomery, for instance—the picture must be written down an ambitious failure.

The duel, by the way, had been described in advance as the best thing of its kind the screen has given us. Nonsense! What about Doug Fairbanks' sword-play in *The Black Pirate*; and the bout between Basil Rathbone and Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood*; and J. Warren Kerrigan's display in the silent version of Sabatini's story; and all the other stirring duels, fist-fights, and all-in-knock-down-and-drag-out affairs, right back to the days of the Gaucho duel with whips between Antonio Moreno and Roy D'Arcy in *The Temptress* (or was it *The Torrent*?); or, best of all, the epic struggle in *The Barrier*, where the combatants set to in a canoe and fought all up and down a small island? Dustin Farnum, Mitchell Lewis, Harry Carey (remember him in *The Trail of '98*?)—those were the good old days when men were men and Dunning was a child, and wrestling with lions wasn't healthy.

W. C. FIELDS nearly died before making *Poppy*. He has nearly died since, and I doubt if he will ever be well enough to make another picture. That alone gives *Poppy* special claims on our interest and sympathy. This may be your last chance to study one of the great comedians of all time—a figure comparable with Chaplin; in some respects, even Chaplin's master. Chaplin, for reasons that seem to him adequate, shirks speech; apart altogether from the excessive sentimentality of his outlook, this alone is enough to date him. Fields is essentially a modern, a realist who takes life as it is. He learned in a hard school. At the age of eleven he was whipped by his father for something he didn't do, and signified his disapproval by waiting behind a door with a chair. When Fields père came in, Fields fils crowned him and went out.

He never came back. He slept in doorways, begged, stole, and even worked for his bread; practised juggling and, at fifteen, got his first job, in a beer-hall. He has been chased by policemen and dogs; he has starved and fought his way up step by step, with many a set-back on stage and screen. He knew what it was to wait fifty years for a chance on the silent screen; and when he made good in comic masterpieces like *Running Wild*, he was dropped again the moment talkies came in, and had to go back to Broadway. Once more he got a chance—they needed all the comedians they could find for *Million Dollar Legs*—and proved that with his curious flat voice to help him, and his unsurpassed faculty for putting over a line, he was a finer comedian than ever.

A hard life—you may see its scars on his face—but it has given him something that the brilliant young gag-men lack: a ripe philosophy, a richness of characterisation only comparable to vintage port. Chaplin was the genius of the silent film, the personification of its shabby beginnings, its comic futility, its unrealised hopes. But when the history of the screen is written a hundred years hence, and surviving films are studied as we now study cuneiform inscriptions or Italian Primitives, I believe that the outstanding figure of the early talkies will be the little man with the bulbous nose and nasal twang, and habit of looking warily over his shoulder as if still expecting assault by savage dogs.

On a Road in Arizona

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest"

Leslie Howard had a great success in New York two winters ago in Robert E. Sherwood's play *The Petrified Forest*. Last autumn he went back to Hollywood to act in the film version for Warner Brothers, and the result of his journey is being shown at the Tivoli this week. It sounds glove-made for Leslie Howard, this part of a disillusioned novelist who leaves his rich and unloving wife and goes seeking a better design-for-living in Arizona. At a service station fifteen miles from the Petrified Forest, he finds a girl, an adventure with gangsters, and a shot from one of their guns that kills him. The girl he finds is Bette Davis; she has acted with him before with notable success—for example, in the film of Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Humphrey Bogart plays the murderous gangster; Archie Mayo directed the film which, if Sherwood and Howard have been well treated, can't help having originality and distinction

Horses Behave Much as Usual Before a Race

On a Warm Night the Outdoor Cabaret Chorus G

Racing By Floodlight

Gala Night at Longchamp

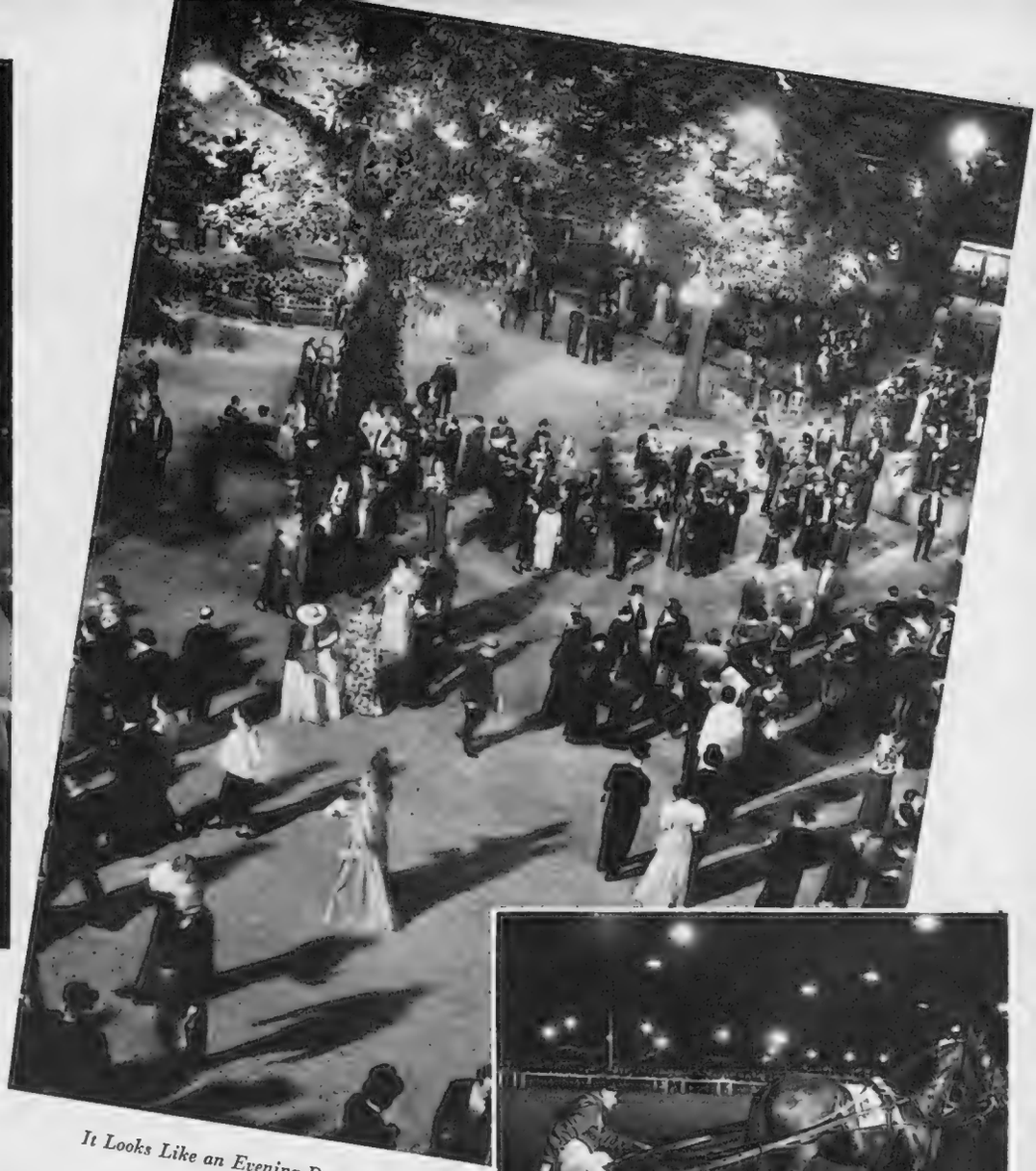
Photographs by Brassar, Paris

There Are Fireworks to Console the Losers

Any Thousand People Can Sup and Dan

us Girls Don't Get Pneumonia

THE famous Nuit de Longchamp rounds off the Semaine de Paris like the transformation-scene of a pantomime—an amazing mixture of sophistication, theatricality, and fantastic beauty. Everything is floodlit, even the mill near the race-course, and the evening ends under the uncanny glare of a firework display at which even the worldliest race-goer can't restrain a gape. This year's gala night was fine and hot to perfection, and the ermines and white foxes didn't appear till quite late. There were more white ties and tail-coats on the men and full evening dresses on the women than you 'll see in a month of Paris restaurants. Even if "la crise" crept into conversation, it hadn't affected visibly this rich and strange night-flower of the Paris season



It Looks Like an Evening-Dress Ascot

Right: for Trotting Races the Jockeys Sit Behind

l Dance in That Tent—

—But Only Owners Can Stand About on This Exclusive Lawn

Norman Parkinson

Carol Coombe is now Mrs. Armstrong-Jones

Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, photographed in the garden of her new Surrey home with Dachshund Joey, was Carol Coombe before she married Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones' only son as his second wife (his first wife is now the Countess of Rosse). She was born in Western Australia, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Coombe, came to England in 1930, and made her maiden name in six short years—first in films (*The Ghost Train*), then on the stage as Lilli, and later as Manuela, in *Children in Uniform*, and so by way of other parts to Precious Stream in S. I. Hsiung's long-run translation from the Chinese, a part which she made a charming success (six other actresses have played it since the piece began—Maisie Darrell, Thea Holme, Jane Thorburn, José Clifford, Patricia Burke and Joyce Redmayne). Carol Coombe's husband, Ronald Armstrong-Jones, is a keen fisherman, gave his wife the rod in the picture, and is teaching her the gentle art in the stream round Stream House, Pirbright, where they live. It 's a pity all the same if she has left the stage for good, as rumour has it

Jan Lukas

The Bathing Pool

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Elongated Hoylake

IF we insist on playing the game of golf with a ridiculous ball which can be hit a distance of around 400 yards in favourable conditions by the first-class players, we must not be surprised if courses are stretched to absurd lengths in an attempt to test the leading golfers.

The links of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, on which the Open Championship was played this year, measured 7078 yards. When courses get as long as this they are rather apt to lose variety, and variety is essential if we are to get the maximum enjoyment out of the game and also if we are to test the best players. At Hoylake there were three holes over 500 yards in length, with the 16th (532 yards) the longest; there were no fewer than ten holes between 400 and 500 yards in length, and only one two-shot hole under 400 yards—namely, the 9th, which measured 393 yards—and the so-called short holes measured 200, 193, 179 and 158 yards. The attempt to make the winner play a greater variety of shots than in previous years failed without any doubt whatever. If you read the *Year Book* of the English Golf Union, which I do not suppose you do, you will find these words: "The length of carry expected from a Scratch Player from the tee is 200 yards." The run of the ball, of course, depends on the type of soil on which a course is situated and other contingencies, and varies from 5 to over 50 yards. I saw the Alps at Hoylake, a hole measuring 193 yards, played by Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley when there was hardly a breath of wind blowing, with a mashie and one putt, and his mashie shot pitched right up to the hole. As regards length, Brigadier-General Critchley is a very good form-horse; he is not as long as the recognised long players, but he is considerably longer than the short first-class players, and yet he carries with a mashie nearly as far as the distance expected by the E.G.U. to be carried with a driver from the tee. The 17th at Wallasey measured 190 yards, and as it possesses a plateau green it was all carry, and here again we saw the majority of players taking a number four iron from the tee.

IT was reported that the idea of the members of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club in lengthening their course was to reproduce the shots of old. But it is, of course, impossible with the ball of to-day, which is so different to play with as regards both length and stopping power, to reproduce shots played with the balls of 1919, of 1914, and of the time of the gutty. What I believe was meant by implying that the shots of old were to be reproduced was that the second shots would have to be played with the same clubs as they used to be played—a very different thing. The shots played at the present time with, let us say, a number three iron, are very different types of shots from the shots played in the old days with a mid-iron, and the shots played with the other clubs differ to the same extent. We were told before the Open started that we were going to see the fine old shots with the brassie come into their own again. Actually nothing of the sort happened, as there were few players who ever required a brassie, and several players completed the course using nothing but iron clubs for their seconds.

At Hoylake there was not a single carry which the shortest first-class golfer could not get over with ease, but they looked long and many players hit harder than they do in the ordinary way, and by doing so not only got inferior results, but also wore themselves out. If you read *Braid on the Brassie*, or some similar book written by the famous James, you will find that he tells us that when we play against the wind we should hit less hard than we usually do and concentrate on accurate striking, and there is not the slightest doubt that this is very sound advice. Unfortunately, nobody heeds it. In fact, the stronger the wind the harder we hit, and many players made the same mistakes when faced with the longer carries at Hoylake.

The very long course did not test the players any more severely than the previous championship courses, and if the tees of 1930 had been retained I do not think we would have seen very much difference in the scores returned. What *was* proved at Hoylake was that the Open Championship is played at a very unsuitable time of year. At the end of June or the beginning of July, when the Open is usually played, the courses are nearly certain to be bone hard, freak tee shots are likely to be common, and the chances of wind or other weather conditions unfavourable for easy play are extremely slight.

SEVERAL golfers not quite in the first flush of youth have put up some very fine performances lately. Tom Williamson led all the leading professionals in the qualifying rounds of the *Yorkshire Evening News* competition; Michael Scott has lately beaten the record of the links of the Royal North Devon Golf Club—a record which has stood for very many years—with a score of 68, including a six at the last hole; R. H. de Montmorency has lately returned a card of five up on bogey at Woodhall Spa; and James Sherlock is still the best player in his own particular area of the country. From these performances we can safely presume that these men are still skilful players, but they have no chance of walking the championship links at Hoylake for four consecutive days, although they would find no difficulties in playing it. The great John Ball summed up this question of length most aptly. When I asked him this year why he was not playing in the Open, he replied, "If I had your legs I would be."

Longer courses make little difference to the first-class players, so if you want to test them you must tighten up the tee shots and bunker the greens more closely.

The Golf Balls of Stoke—Winners and Losers

Duncan Anderson and H. H. Hodges (St. George's Hill) won the Golf Balls of Stoke this year with an aggregate of 135 (68 and 67), beating the runners-up, W. L. Hartley and G. H. Micklem, by one stroke

P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill) and C. Gray (Hendon), the holders, returned scores of 70 and 72 and came somewhere in the middle of the result list. The competition was held for the first time as a thirty-six-hole stroke contest

P. C. Quilter and his nephew, Raymond Quilter (Berkshire), shared the lead with the winners after a first round of 68, but handed in a second-round card of 77 which dropped them to twelfth place

LE TOUQUET

"THEY'RE COMING BY AIR!"

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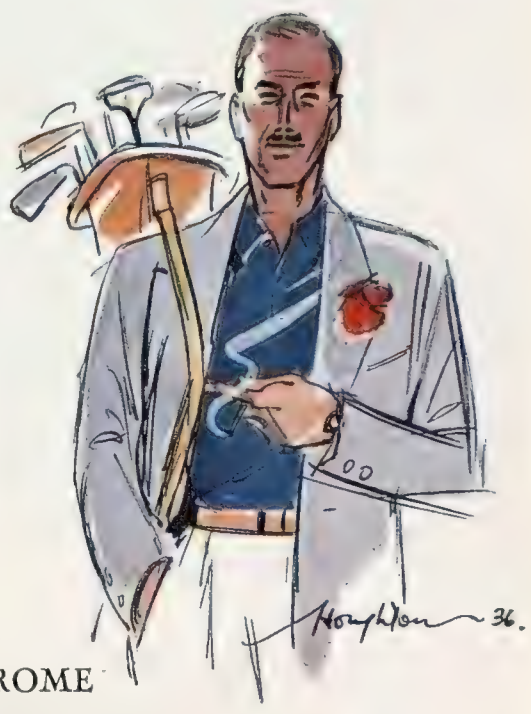
. . . . . there is dancing each night at dinner . . . . British and French society meet daily in the new bar with its sunny terrace . . . . .



HALF A MILE FROM NEW AERODROME

One hundred yards from Casino — 5 minutes from Golf.

Houston Rogers

The Heroine of "Green Waters"—Gillian Lind

Gillian Lind, who was born in India, made her first stage appearance in 1922, when she "walked on" at the Strand Theatre. Four years later she scored her first notable success in *Distinguished Villa*, followed it up in *Many Waters*, and never looked back. She was often at the "enlightened" theatres—the Gate, the "Q," and the old Everyman; two years ago she made a fine part of Margaret Maskelyne in *Clive of India*; she has been in several films (notably *Dick Turpin* and *Abdul the Damned*), and at present she is leading in Max Catto's grim play of the grim Scottish coast, *Green Waters*, at the Vaudeville

Air News of the Moment: By Charles Ward

Left:
Capt. Birkett solving a knotty problem for Lord Dufferin and Ava. The Birkett Air Service is a taxi organisation, based at Heston and in great demand for Press work and special charters. Capt. Birkett was in Abyssinia during the recent campaign

Below:
the Vega Gull won the King's Cup at an average speed of 164½ miles an hour. It is the same type as that used by Mrs. Mollison for her Cape records. On the right is Mr. Watson, of Wakefield's, viewing the seating arrangements for four and the well-arranged instrument-panel

Afterthoughts on the King's Cup Race

THE final, flown over a 25-mile triangular course with one turning point well placed in the centre of Hatfield Aerodrome was at times exciting to watch, but there were moments when it was impossible to know which circuit a 'plane was completing, especially when out of range of the guide at the microphone. Rain spoilt the day from the spectator's point of view, but it wasn't bad enough to worry the pilots. Mr. Charles Gardner put up a very fine show in winning the Cup, beating his handicap by three miles an hour and, incidentally, being the only competitor to elude Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth in this respect. He flew to India early this year and took part in the race for the Viceroy's Cup. Flight-Lt. "Tommy" Rose got the most out of his Hawk Six at 184½ miles an hour. The Double Eagle from Hanworth was a newcomer and impressed the onlookers by its clean lines and a healthy note of power. The fastest machine in the Race was the Mew Gull, flown by its designer, Captain Percival, for the Duke of Kent. His average at 203 was considerably lower than his best lap at 211, but of necessity he had to fly at several hundred feet to avoid the contour chasers, and consequently his turns were a little wider in order to make quite certain of rounding each pylon. By contrast, "Bob" Waight, flying the de Havilland students' T.K.2, almost at ground-level, was able to round the points within a few yards and his vertical turns were a delight to watch. No pilot was disqualified for cutting corners, and everyone in the final finished the course within a few miles of the speed estimated. The winning Vega Gull is of the same type as that used by Mrs. Mollison for her recent record flights to and from the Cape. Normally it carries three or four people and has an easy range of 600 miles. The Gulls are built at Gravesend under the direct supervision of Captain Percival. One other machine was watched with special interest—the Dragonfly, de Havilland's air liner in miniature, which averaged 143¾ miles an hour. It is extremely comfortable to fly in and is quiet, a good selling point now that it is realised speed and noise are not necessarily inseparable partners.

Over the Track at Brooklands

GREAT things are expected at Brooklands; it has been bought by a company with Sir Malcolm Campbell on the Board. He has had many interests in the air, being a R.F.C. pilot during the last war, a concessionaire for light aircraft for some years, and having flown Moths until quite recently. At the Club, there is much activity. A good job of work has been carried out by the Service Department in rebuilding Mr. Elton's Heinkel from the original broken pieces. It was produced by the German firm for a race round Europe, and being the only one of its kind, there were no spares available. After being tested in the air by Captain Findlay and found all correct, the owner took off for East Africa the next day. A syndicate of members has bought one of those portable swimming-pools, much to everyone's delight on the few occasions when it is warm enough to take to the water. Lords Beaverbrook and Castlerosse have been seen on the aerodrome, landing from the former's Dragonfly, a recent acquisition. Lord Forbes, an ex-pupil of the School, has paid several calls in his Rapide. On Sunday next, July 26th, there will be one of those raids in search of a free breakfast popularised by Brooklands under the innocent title of Dawn Patrols. Members are advised to book 'planes at once if they wish to compete for the said free meal.

From Heston and Hamble

THE expedition to Le Touquet to assist the locals to open their airport was a great party, judging by the reports of the many pilots and owners who made the trip. About fifty private aeroplanes cleared Customs at Heston, either on the way out or back or both. Altogether 270 machines with nearly 600 pilots, owners and other passengers formed the expedition, so that it could be said the airport was well and truly opened. Amongst those who left from Heston were Lord Apsley, Lord Grimthorpe, Sir Alfred Beit, Sir Derwent Hall-Caine and Mr. Gilbert Miller, a Heston pupil, piloting his brand-new Stinson. It is a far flight from the Great West Road to Australia, but mention of the Stinson reminds me that this type of American machine, with a cabin full-car-size, is becoming popular down under. In a hot country you need cabin space perhaps more than over here, but the reasons given for the choice of American types are that they are extremely easy to erect from the packing case, are supplied with very complete instructions that can be followed by literally anyone, and their sale is backed by a guarantee of service and spares. Whatever the reason, they are being sold in larger numbers and, with the possible exception of the Avro Commodore, not now in production, and the Phœnix, we have made no exact reply to this type. It is very unfortunate for Heston Aircraft that Melrose met with such a tragic fate. He had introduced the Phœnix to Australia and was well placed to demonstrate and to sell it in quantities. The first "shots" at the Empire Flying-Boat were obtained by a Pressman in one of Birkett's taxis. It was quite a scoop and caused a mild flutter at the offices of Imperial Airways on the following morning, for many of the officials did not even know that the boat was out of the factory. Of course, the customer doesn't take over until the constructor has completed all trials to his own satisfaction, and it may be some weeks yet before the actual performance of the new liner can be described in detail. The conversion of Imperial landlubbers into Imperial ocean-going seamen is proceeding at a rapid rate at Hamble. In the air, a flying-boat behaves much in the same way as a landplane, but on the water, it can be very tricky. It needs much practice to moor up when the wind 's against the tide or current. The invitation party organised by the Royal Aero Club for foreign owner-pilots takes place from to-morrow until July 26th at Heston.

Debutantes' Gallery

Another "Bystander" Selection for 1936

Photographs by Lenare, Kay Vaughan, Bertram Park, Hay Wrightson, Pearl Freeman, Douglas, Cannons of Hollywood, Catherine Bell, Yevonde and Yvonne Gregory

Miss Anna Spicer

Miss Millicent Baron

Miss Laura Bonham-Carter

Miss Mary Stirling

Miss Elizabeth Grant

Miss Virginia Brand

Miss Rosa Weatherby

Miss Aurea Borrett

Miss Susan Milvain

Miss Cynthia Crompton Wood

Miss Ann Goff

Anna Spicer *is the only child of Group-Captain and Mrs. Malcolm Spicer, of 9, Palace Court, W.2; had a dance with Ann Watson-Hughes at Claridge's on June 5th*

Millicent Baron *is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron, of Fulmer Chase, Bucks. She had a dance at Claridge's, and was presented at yesterday's reception*

Laura Bonham-Carter *is Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's younger daughter (her elder sister, Cressida, came out last year), and a granddaughter of the first Earl of Oxford*

Mary Stirling *is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stirling, of 84, Rodney Court, W.9; her mother was Miss Chan Chee Man Wan; Miss Stirling hopes to start a film career soon*

Elizabeth Grant *was a Maid of Honour at the Queen Charlotte Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House two months back; is the daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Grant*

Rosa Weatherby *is one of the "afternoon receptions" younger guests—the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. E. M. Weatherby, of Frome, St. Quintin, Dorset, and of 32, Eaton Place*

Aurea Borrett *is the only daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Borrett; she was to be presented by her mother, who is Lord Huntingfield's younger sister, at this week's receptions*

Virginia Brand *is the daughter of the Hon. Robert Brand (Lord Hampden's brother) and Mrs. Brand, and a niece of Lady Astor, who gave a dance for her at her St. James's Square house on June 9th*

Susan Milvain *is the late Major Milvain's daughter—her father was secretary of the North Cotswold for many years; keen horsewoman herself; is to be presented to-day*

Cynthia Crompton Wood *is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Crompton-Wood, of Bruern Abbey, Churchill, Oxfordshire; was bridesmaid to her sister Daphne when she married Rolf Thoresen last month*

Ann Goff *is to be presented this week by her aunt, Lady Cecilie Goff, the third of Lord Ancaster's five sisters; is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Goff*

Anne Paget *is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Paget, of The Old Rectory House, Itchen Abbas, near Winchester, and is being presented at this week's receptions*

Patricia Todd Thompson *is a debutante from Northumberland—her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Todd Thompson, live at Hartford Hall, Bledlington*

Joan Paton *is the only daughter of Major I. V. Paton, D.S.O., and Mrs. Paton, and a granddaughter of the late Major-General G. Paton; is very keen on sport, especially tennis, riding and ski-ing*

Miss Anne Paget

Miss Patricia Todd Thompson

Miss Joan Paton

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Life, Love—and Colonel Blimp: By Alan Thomas

MR. L. A. G. STRONG is a writer of great distinction, and I looked forward to reading his latest book, *The Last Enemy* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). I thought at first I was going to be disappointed, for it took me some time to discover what he was at. Indeed, I confess that even now there are parts of his purpose which, so far as I am concerned, are shrouded in haze. Yet, as one reads on, the book grows upon one. It is a study of Youth set in the years during and immediately after the war. The central figure, Denis Boyle, is a preparatory schoolmaster who, unfit for military service, is called before a Medical Board to be confirmed in his unfitness. Here we meet "the sergeant" whose coarse snigger haunts the rest of the book and Denis's life. It is a "risk one always had to take in the world. The fine and beautiful things were always at the mercy of the base," and this sergeant was certainly a swine, "the enemy of life, the worst common denominator of human cunning." But there is another sergeant, the fell Sergeant Death, in whose grim shadow Denis permanently dwells. "I have rubbed my nose in the fact of Death. . . . Pretty well every close friend I have dies or is killed." Yet a shadow presupposes light. Denis has had more than one sign that this life is only a manifestation of spiritual life, that man survives after the fell sergeant has effected his arrest.

But in the still surface of these waters, running deep with what some people might call morbid undercurrents, is reflected a faithful picture of life—and love—at a preparatory school. The characters, particularly those of the hidebound headmaster and of the popular Fane, one of his assistants, are well drawn. The latter part of the book gripped me to the point of excitement. Denis has fallen in love with the wife of one of his colleagues, and on his way to meet her is run over by a lorry and killed. But death, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed," is but the gateway of life. "He was free of the old ties: free to begin."

This is not everybody's book; but it is one which those whose imaginations are attuned to the subtler harmonies (and discords) of life are not likely to forget.

L. A. G. Strong

Of the two important novels reviewed this week, one is by a man about a man — Mr. Strong's "The Last Enemy"—written, like his "Corporal Tune," with the thought of death always shadowing the story

I AM pretty sure that only a woman can fully appreciate the authenticity of Miss Rosamond Lehmann's *The Weather in the Streets* (Collins; 8s.). It is a long novel, and from the sweet beginning to the bitter end it is saturated, overcharged, with the almost day-to-day emotions, moods and reactions of a woman whose love is a complete obsession. The plot of the book is simple and hackneyed. Olivia, unhappily married, becomes the mistress of Rollo Spencer, who has a wife only in name, as the saying goes. Rollo is heir to a baronetcy and a figure in the City; so there must be no scandal. The lovers' week-ends together are furtively taken and haunted with the ever-present fear of discovery. They began by being "such fun"; then for Rollo they became rather a bore; and when Olivia realises that Rollo has resumed normal relations with his wife, the end is in sight. Olivia is to have a child: an abortion is arranged and the affair peters out. Just, indeed, as so often happens. But it does not so often happen that the roses and rue of clandestine love are so exquisitely described. Miss Lehmann is one of the most accomplished of the present generation of women writers; she has wit, irony, and a capacity for writing beautiful, sensitive prose. With these talents she lays bare the ecstasies of love, and the jealousies, agonies, and humiliations of a passion that has outlived its welcome. Most of the story is told from Olivia's point of view, and there are moments when this purely feminine angle is so acute as to baffle my obtuse male mind. But Miss Lehmann has so captured the essence of her theme that I am ready to wager there are few women to whom the book will not recall nostalgic pangs. And that alone will assure it a place among the best-sellers. The minor characters are so brilliantly drawn that I wish Miss Lehmann had given them a larger share in the plot.

I recommend this novel wholeheartedly to feminine readers. To masculine admirers of Miss Lehmann's talents, I suggest they might wait for her next book.

Rosamond Lehmann

The other novel is by a woman about a woman in love—Rosamond Lehmann's "The Weather in the Streets." This links up, after a ten-year interval, with her "Invitation to the Waltz"

ADMIRERS of our leading political cartoonist will like to possess *Low's Political Parade, with Colonel Blimp* (The Cresset Press; 6s.), a collection of cartoons that have appeared in the *Evening Standard* during 1933, 1934, and 1935. Unlike most cartoons, which are by nature ephemeral, Low's drawings are of more than transitory interest; for they express a range of political ideas whose aim, *pace* Colonel Blimp, is to establish a world "in which at last man is relieved of the eternal preoccupation with scrabbling for the elementary necessities of life and is released to begin civilising himself." (I quote from Low's vigorous foreword.) The first cartoon in the book, for example, which depicts the leading statesmen of the four great European Powers seated in a divine hand whose Owner is saying, "Little men, little men, must you be taught another lesson?" is as relevant to the present situation as it was to the situation on May 15th, 1933—indeed, it becomes more to the point as the days go by. As Low himself suggests, the time will come—long after we are all dead—when even Colonel Blimp will relent. "Sitting in the hot-room of the hereafter," says Low, "we shall probably read about the end of the world in letters of fire on asbestos newspapers. 'Gad, sir,' Colonel Blimp will say, 'you were right.'"

IN the summer of 1935, Mr. Douglas Goldring took a series of random and rural bus rides through England, jumping off one bus when he was sick of it, and hopping on to another. The result of his journey is *Pot Luck in England* (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), a pot-pourri of talk on hotels and people by a man who is always ready, as one of his friends says, to complain to, or rather of, the management, and who, as he himself admits, is intensely, almost painfully, interested in his fellow-men. Mr. Goldring is a provocative talker, and I enjoyed taking pot-luck with him—though I feel a twinge of indigestion, due, I think, to some of the views he expresses on the subject of peace and war.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The London season is drawing to a close, and many people are planning to travel north for the " Glorious Twelfth." Clothes have to be considered, and particularly tweeds for Scottish moors. A practical shooting suit designed by Burberry's in the Haymarket, is seen on the right. It is carried out in Glenurquhart Scotch tweed with a bold check. The divided skirt is tailored, and affords complete freedom, while the belted coat has two inverted pleats across the back. For spectators, there is an additional three-quarter-length cape of the same material, cut on military lines with a full swing. It is becoming and very warm

Lenare

Scottish Journey — Furs and Tweeds

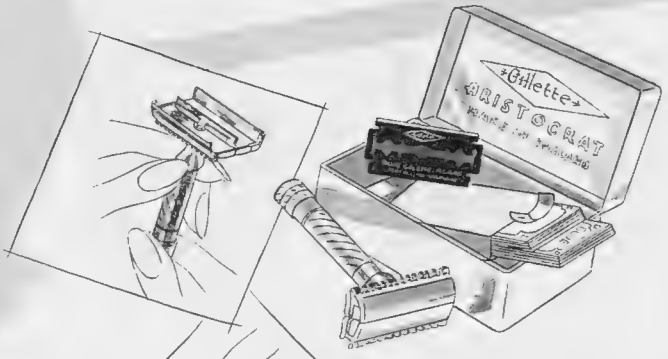
So far this summer has proved a season for tailor-mades, and, judging by the advance Autumn fashions, women will continue to wear them during the ensuing months. Checks are always effective, and Smee, 55, South Molton Street, has designed the model above with single-breasted coat and trim skirt. The material is a light beige and brown tweed, but, needless to say, there are other designs to choose from, and patterns will gladly be sent free, together with a self-measurement form. Suits and coats are made to measure from six guineas, which is very moderate, as they are admirably tailored

Travelling north can be very cold, especially by night, and it is advisable to wear furs whenever possible. The coat on the left is of brown Indian lamb, and may be seen at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, where special summer prices prevail. There is, by the way, no shop window, and the salons are on the first floor. It should be noted that every garment is fashioned by a highly-skilled staff of furriers from reliable and beautiful skins, while exceptionally low prices are being quoted for all repairs and alterations. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application

Photographs by Philip Harben

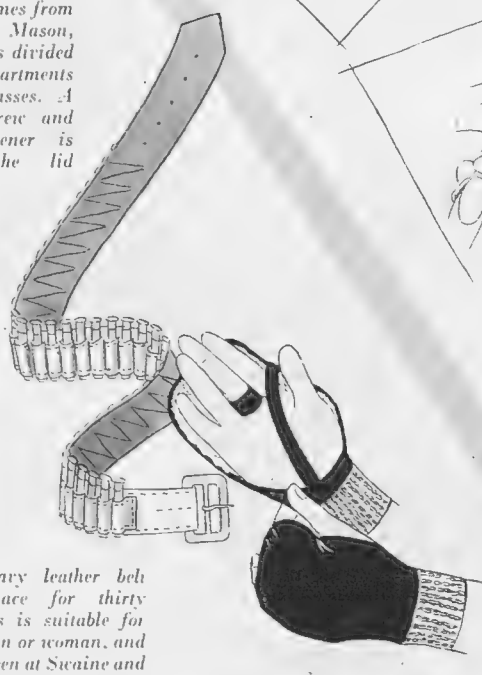
The Bystander Turns in Search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Pat
Pictured by Pam

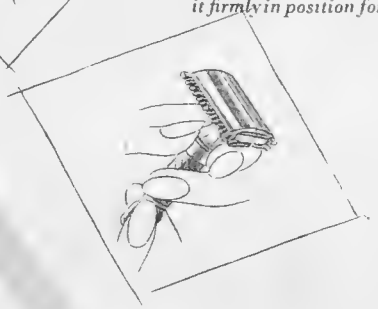


Several views are given of the new Gillette "one-piece" Aristocrat razor. It costs 15s., and is extremely ingenious as there are no loose parts to assemble. Just a twist of the handle opens the cap, to remove or replace the blade, while another twist locks it firmly in position for shaving

A drink basket for races, shooting-parties and picnics in general is sketched on the left. It comes from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, and is divided into special compartments for bottles and glasses. A combined corkscrew and crown cap opener is attached to the lid

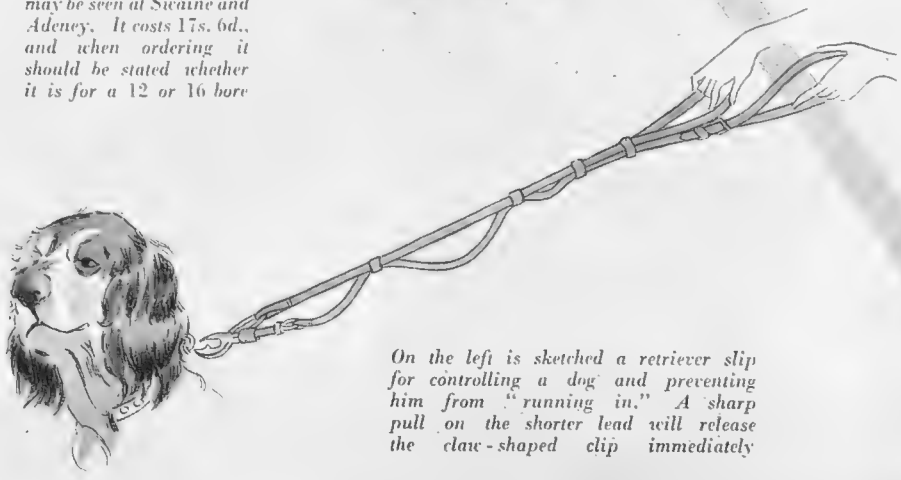


This heavy leather belt with space for thirty cartridges is suitable for either man or woman, and may be seen at Swaine and Adeney. It costs 17s. 6d., and when ordering it should be stated whether it is for a 12 or 16 bore



Brown suède shooting "mits" lined with natural lamb's wool are very comfortable when the air is cold. Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, have them with open palms and knitted wool wristbands for 15s. the pair

For carrying hot or cold refreshments, Fortnum and Mason have a delightful "Woodland" food jug lined with glazed porcelain. It only costs 15s. 6d. and will hold chicken, spaghetti and other delicacies



On the left is sketched a retriever slip for controlling a dog and preventing him from "running in." A sharp pull on the shorter lead will release the claw-shaped clip immediately

Golf Clubs at Home: Hesketh, Southport

(1) J. M. Rimmer, T. H. Picton and W. R. Farrow (secretary). (2) J. C. Taylor (ex-captain) and T. Goffey (captain). (3.) R. A. Barnes (ex-captain), Major S. Mead (ex-captain) and T. Mawdsley (council member). (4) C. Rimmer, F. Parsons and W. G. Radcliffe (ex-captain). (5) E. Walton (ex-secretary), H. Jones and A. L. Ashton (council members). (6) R. A. Hugo, P. Chatterton and F. Soppitt. (7) E. S. Berry, W. Day and D. C. Thorp. (8) W. E. Collinge, F. A. L. Wellard and T. Melling. (9) R. S. Barker, H. K. Godie, J. Gibbon and S. H. Benoliel

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Winners of the Junior County Cup

Lieut.-Colonel Emsley (back), R. W. Hill-Forster (who replaced Riley-Smith as captain, the latter being down with sciatica), Captain Griffiths (3), and T. L. Paisley (1), made up the Toulston team which beat Beaufort in the final tie of the Junior County Cup at Ranelagh. Beaufort gave 1½ goals, and lost by 8½—4

Step Out, Boys!

Tom Whittaker, the Arsenal trainer, undertook the important task of getting the British Davis Cup team into trim for next Saturday; here are Tuckey and Hughes, the doubles champions, coming back with him from a warmer

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I WRITE on St. Swithin's Day. It is raining most abominably. No play before lunch at Lord's. A grim business. I dislike St. Swithin. A disagreeable old gentleman. If he provides us with forty days' more rain we may as well write off our summer sport and have done with it.

I, for one, am tired of rain-swept cricket grounds. How desolate, for instance, was the scene at the Eton and Harrow match! But the eternal-springing hope must stay and comfort us, and I refuse to believe that the Test match which begins next Saturday will be washed out; and that is optimism, for it takes place at Manchester.

THERE have been rumours about Amar Nath, the Indian player who was packed off for alleged insubordination. He is flying back, said the cables. He is not flying back, said the Nawab of Bhopal. And I don't suppose we shall see him running up to bowl with that queer, stuttering action of his at Old Trafford.

I hope, at any rate, that the weather is at least reasonable. It would be interesting to see these Indians on a hard wicket, under a hot sun. Then, I fancy, the strength of England might be properly tried. The cricket news of late, though, has not been happy. Sad tales of counties in distress, their gates ruined by rain, and thousands of pounds lost. The outlook is serious indeed, and the season shapes disastrously.

Col. Rait-Kerr Takes Over

Colonel Rait-Kerr (left), D.S.O., M.C., who was elected secretary of the M.C.C. early in the year, took over officially after the spoiled Eton and Harrow match. Maybe Harry White, the retiring groundsman, was pointing out to him and Lord Somers, the president (centre), how well the pitch had survived

A New Record by Peter Ward

In the A.A.A. Championships three miles, P. D. Ward (Achilles) streaked home by 25 yards from older hands like Close, Reeves, and "the incorrigible" Beavers, to set up a new native record of 14 mins. 15.8 sec. Good augur for Berlin (Ward runs in the 5000 metres), but don't forget the Finn Lehtinen and his six seconds faster record

THEN we had that odd affair at Bradford, when the crowd "advanced threateningly on the wicket," feeling that Yorkshire, needing only 35 runs, were being robbed of victory by Notts. Rain had made play impossible, and Umpire Braund had to try to pacify an angry mob.

All this unseemliness was the direct outcome of the incident at Hove, when G. F. H. Heane led his men off the field, although Sussex wanted only two runs. I do not propose to comment on the matter beyond saying that the sequel is significant. Those who argue that Heane observed the letter of the law and was therefore justified, may reflect that any game so reduced to the practical is no better than a skeleton; and bones sometimes rattle unpleasantly.

NEXT Saturday also the Davis Cup challenge round begins at Wimbledon, and I think it is a reasonable assumption that Great Britain will be playing Australia. It should be a fine match, though if Perry and his fellow-members of the British team have avoided staleness, there should be no doubt of the result. The lawn tennis season, in a sense, has been uneventful. The expected has happened rather too often. We like our upsets—new champions, vagaries of form, the emergence of potential stars. Von Cramm's injury at the crucial moment was disappointing. It robbed Wimbledon of one great match at least. And, on the whole, there is not much to record beyond a steady development of skill by recognised players.

(Concluded on page ii)

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What Counts in a Gun?

Answer : Everything—but Triggers in Particular : By Max Baker

To set out in order of importance the qualities in a gun which are most helpful in producing results would be a long job. Instead, I will concentrate on the one to which I accord first place, though it is admittedly the least conspicuous. Undoubtedly a trigger-pull of enduring niceness is the greatest asset a gun can possess. There are many who will place perfect fit first, arguing, quite rightly, that pulling or pressing the trigger comes after getting on to your object, and that the most perfectly-produced fall of the hammer (actually it rises) must be useless if the piece is faultily directed.

The logic of this proposition seems unanswerable, yet, really, the aiming of a gun is done with the barrels, and, within reason, any shape of gun, once it becomes familiar, can be so held and mounted as to bring the rib into true alignment, including the necessary contact at shoulder and cheek. Though there is no justification for a misfit stock, it is the swing ahead of the object and pull of the trigger at the correctly chosen moment during the swing which comprise the real crux of shooting. Mere aim is but an elementary detail.

There is good reason for thinking that the arrived shooter puts quite a firm pressure on his trigger as soon as the butt touches the shoulder, and holds the trigger in this highly sensitive state during the swing in order that slight extra pressure shall effect the final release. During the "hold" in target rifle-shooting, the firing-pin certainly remains poised on the merest knife-edge. That something similar occurs with shot-guns is indicated by premature discharge in cases where a strange gun with light pull is used, or one's own trigger has lost weight.

Tall Ones at Little Green

Little Green, Sir Philip Reckitt's estate in West Sussex, can show some of the tallest and best pheasants in the South of England. The covert photographed above hangs on the side of a hill; the gun in the foreground has calmly abandoned all hope of hitting these particular "archangels." Sir Philip Reckitt (left) is a keen and good shot. His Yorkshire estate, Keldy Castle, has a very fine grouse shoot

Below : an evening study of that pleasant July pastime, a pot-shot at a rabbit. Three-quarter grown rabbits at this time of the year are ideal for pie-making. This photograph was taken near Ipswich—Constable's country

THE perfect and enduringly perfect pull depends on some nice mechanical adjustments which sportsmen are unwise to ignore. As most people are aware, the hammer or tumbler is retained by a step known as the bent, the catch entering the same as the sear, its operating end the sear-nose. Now, both bent and sear-nose must be of correct, though not equal, hardness.

Scissors, for the same reason, should have one blade that cuts, the other to act as a sort of chopping-block to No. 1. In the gun, the sear-nose should be the harder member, and the bent in the hammer the softer, this because a simple little nick enables the bent to undergo a lot of wear without changing either shape or angle.

Periodically oiled and adjusted, these critical parts of a gun last somewhere about half the useful life of the entire weapon. Good design aids the result, but that is nowadays a fixed quantity; hence our dependence on workmanship and material.

The gun which gives trouble with the pulls can easily put a shooter right off form. As in most other sports, correct timing is the essence of success. Where sport is conducted in association with mechanism the human contribution to timing gets wasted unless backed by alert response from the mechanism.

I could recite sundry cases where guns with defective pulls have produced continuously unsatisfactory results—for which, in most instances, the shooter

(Concluded on page 176)

BURBERRY SHOOTING SUITS

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Those who appreciate perfect freedom for shoulder and arm movements when shooting should pay a visit to Burberrys, Haymarket, where they see suits cleverly designed. Cut on well-fitting lines with expanding pleats and pivot sleeves, free arm uplift without pull or drag is provided even when the pockets are full.

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Shooting Prospects

Patchy Partridges—A Fair Pheasant Prospect—Good Grouse Outlook—Storms and Their Results

By Edgar Page : *(Editor of "The Gamekeeper")*

Preparing the mash for the young pheasants. The mixing and "drying-off" of the mash is done in the keeper's hut, rabbit flesh, eggs and greaves being boiled in the big cooker seen on the right. This photograph was taken on Lord Mandeville's estate at Brampton Park, where he is raising some 3700 pheasant chicks. Lady Mandeville can be seen on the extreme right of the picture

Young pheasant chicks, about six weeks old, ready to be moved into covert. Experiments have recently been tried with battery brooders, rearing some thousands of chicks at a time, but the birds proved difficult to introduce into covert and were too tame to make "tall" birds. The method shown in the photograph, the use of foster-mothers to hatch and rear the chicks, is still the most satisfactory

ALTHOUGH the game reports I am waiting to receive from all parts of the country are not due to come in until about ten days after this issue of the BYSTANDER goes to press, nevertheless I feel I have sufficient evidence to work on—evidence or information gained during some eight thousand miles of travelling since February and much correspondence.

This year the greatest anxiety concerns the partridges. At the end of the winter or at early spring the country as a whole could boast of a grand stock. The birds laid good clutches and the hatch was excellent; but then, except in a period of disease or when weakened by an exceptionally severe winter, the partridge seldom fails with clutch or hatch. This spring the birds were there and they did their duty; then came the rain and the storms.

I AM sorry that I failed this week to obtain from the Meteorological Office a statement detailing the precise localities of the more severe storms, yet my readers must know full well whether or not their own counties experienced the heavier storms.

In the main, the whole of the South and West of England suffered storm after storm; the Midlands and North were far less subjected to them, though I think Lincoln and the eastern half of Yorkshire received a fair dose.

Now it is well to remember that the partridge has lengthened its period of hatching—that is, the hatch is not confined to almost one week of the month of June. It is also well to remember that the parent partridges are most devoted to their brood and are blessed by Nature with a remarkable intelligence or astuteness in caring for their chicks.

Rain, in itself, does not harm partridges, except it be both sudden and torrential; on heavy soil prone to flood water the recent torrential storms, accompanied by hail, have probably reduced the coveys to a quarter of their original number. On lighter soils the disaster is not so severe.

I am hoping that the early-hatched chicks and the real late birds have weathered the ordinary heavy rains, but I fear for the chicks of the main crop, hatched between June 18th and 26th.

Now here are two reports typically contradictory. A shooting tenant inspected his ground accompanied by the resident farmers. The gentleman said to me: "Not a young bird left. 'Barren' pairs everywhere." That report concerns an area in North Herts. which experienced severe hail-storms.

The other report is given me by a gentleman who during the past three weeks has spoken to about fifty gamekeepers in Oxon., Berks. and Wilts. He writes: "As regards the recent storms, everyone I have asked says they have not done them—the partridges—any damage whatsoever."

I am told that the birds in Sussex are wiped out, that Norfolk and Suffolk have escaped, that Shropshire is anxious; but so many people forget that the partridge has a wonderful way of asserting itself.

In my opinion, there are local areas—I trust not many—where the stock is wiped out; there is a large area, mainly the southern portion of England, where stocks are considerably reduced. Still, the original stock and the hatch were so excellent that we may even yet see a moderate shooting season, granted nothing untoward happens to the birds between now and the harvest.

Scotland appears to have escaped entirely. I have been into Scotland three times this year, and I found the Scottish keepers (week ending June 27th) most optimistic as regards partridges.

Pheasants

I MUST limit my remarks about pheasants and grouse. Many of the

(Concluded on page 178)

SHOOTING SIDELIGHTS

CARTRIDGE QUALITY

The other day I was shooting with my usual cartridges—you know, the orange ones with a shallow brass head—and the fellow next to me was using a much more elaborate looking article. He seemed to be doing pretty well—better than I was, anyway—so I brought along one of his cases to show you.

Yes, it's a "Gastight" case; it costs three or four shillings a hundred more than your orange brand.

Is it worth the extra cost?

I think so—I always use the best cartridges I can afford, because I like to get all I can out of my shooting.

How does the expensive cartridge help you there?

Well, first of all, there's the strengthening inside the case and the deep brass head, giving you a wider margin of protection against those casualties in loose guns that we talked about. The deep brass makes for more certain ejection, too.

Well, I haven't had much trouble with the cheaper ones—certainly not four shillings worth.

Perhaps not, but that's not all. The paper is treated to resist moisture, so that it stands up longer to wet weather conditions. Moreover, paper treatment puts a check on powder dryness, which is solely due, if you will excuse me for being obvious, to loss of moisture through the tube.

Shot and powder loads are the same, though?

Yes, the only loading difference is in the high-grade wad, but that has its effect on pattern regularity, as I told you before.

So now I've got to spend more on my cartridges, have I?

Well, it will hardly be spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar if you don't. I use the better ones myself because I know I get something out of it. It will help you to make up your mind about spending more, if you work out how little the cartridge part of your shooting costs really is compared with all the other things you have to pay for, and how few extra kills are necessary to balance the extra cost of the good cartridges.

Published in the interests of shooting and shooting men by the makers of

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GREY SQUIRRELS

A leaflet giving hints on the destruction of these pests is available from Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, Dept. S.A. 15, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, London, S.W.1

CARTRIDGES

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.1

Wadhurst Park, Mr. Grant Maclean's seat in Sussex, near Tunbridge Wells, is another natural high pheasant shoot. The lay-out of the coverts is excellent, and the mile-long lake gives good duck-shooting into the bargain. King Edward VII. often stayed and shot at Wadhurst Park

What Counts in a Gun? *(Continued from page 172)*

would take the blame. For sportsmen these are the only safeguards: to buy the best, never to miss the annual overhaul (which includes oiling), and to be very suspicious if the pulls cause trouble, lest, peradventure, he has met the unlucky exception.

The standard pull for the right trigger is four pounds; and for the left half-a-pound heavier. These suit the strength of the mainspring and the various lever lengths; hence the shooter who demands something exceptional is asking rather a lot from adjustment. And we must remember, besides, that sportsmen who insist on a light pull are always under suspicion when an accident occurs. From the scientific standpoint, four pounds to set upwards of 1000 foot-pounds of energy into action would appear as delicate a control as should be sanctioned.

In terms of practical efficiency, the actual amount of pull is of secondary importance compared with crispness and unfailing permanence.

THE mere fact of ordering a gun in which satisfactory trigger release may be taken for granted assures equal quality elsewhere, especially as the other features of excellence are more or less open to check. Perfect balance, for instance, is a picturesque phrase which means a lot to some but need not worry those who lack the supersensitive touch.

Perfect fit is also difficult to define in exact terms, largely because the human contribution is just as important as that of the gun.

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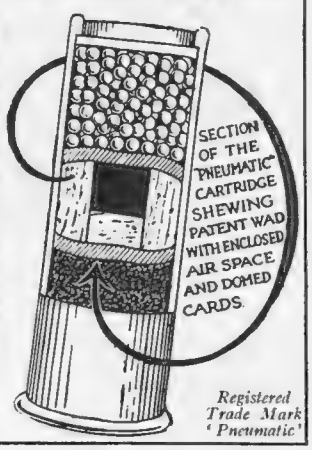

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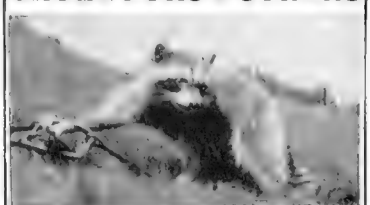

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Shooting Prospects *(Concluded)*

early wild pheasant eggs were frosted, and the fertility proved very disappointing. On the rearing-field good management should have withstood all ordinary troubles; eggs from game farmers have given the average good fertility.

Incidentally, I find estate-owners and shooting tenants far more keen to improve their coverts for better sport and to provide nesting accommodation for partridges in addition to carrying out winter feeding and hand-rearing of partridges. This tendency is perhaps partly due to the excellent propaganda put forth by the Knebworth Game Research Estate of Imperial Chemical Industries.

Grouse

When affairs have gone well there is no occasion to go into detail as to why: I prefer to accept the good things in this world without questioning.

Except in those localities where disease last year reduced stocks to almost nil, the moors this season are going to give splendid sport. I should be in error to predict a bumper season, but I am confident of a good one.

Some of the high moors have experienced drought followed by the usual local migration of the birds, but rain may correct that.

On the lesser-stocked moors the fewer points make sport all the keener, and it is a consolation to know that an increase in stocks means no harm. From information gathered I foresee a bumper season for the Yorkshire moors.

The heather beetle has recently developed as a menace to heather and therefore to grouse; all persons concerned with the "health" of our moors are requested to make observations of it and its depredations if, and when, its presence is noted.

Edgar Page.

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7.30AB	Oban.
7.40AB	Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.
8. 0A	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry, Ayr.
9.15	Glasgow (Cent.) (Fridays only).
9.25	Glasgow (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

A.M.	
12.30DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow.

SUNDAYS

P.M.	
7.20B	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30B	Stirling Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Ayr, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.)
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

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†10.25	"The Night Scotsman"—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
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A.M.	
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Summer Sport *(Concluded)*

MOSTLY we are thinking now of the Olympic Games, for beyond a doubt the British team is the strongest ever selected. In the past we have snatched famous victories here and there. This time we challenge fiercely right through the range of track events. Look at our potential winners: A. W. Sweeney, in the 200 metres; Brown, Rampling and Roberts, in the 400 metres; J. V. Powell, in the 800 metres; S. C. Wooderson, in the 1500 metres; P. D. Ward, in the 5000 metres; D. M. Robertson, A. J. Norris and E. Harper, in the Marathon; W. H. Whitlock, in the 50,000 metres walk; and D. O. Finlay, in the 110 metres hurdles.

The Selectors' task was a relatively simple one; they could await the results of the A.A.A. championships and choose accordingly—a clean-cut method which would please our cricket or football Selectors immensely. Even so, there were problems. J. C. Stothard, for example, failed in the championships because he had not been able to train regularly since he came down from Cambridge. On last year's form, though, we know him to be, potentially at least, our best half-miler, and we might even argue that to be below the peak of his form three weeks before the Games was strongly in his favour. If the Selectors had taken a chance and picked him he might well have been right on top in Berlin. A difficult problem.

I am glad, at any rate, that we are sending jumpers and throwers, simply to gain experience. We cannot hope to do much in the field events—two American negroes tied in the high jump the other day at the prodigious and record height of 6 ft. 9¾ in.—but we can see where we have to make up leeway.

I WONDER, too, how our best-favoured runners will fare when it comes to the point? S. C. Wooderson, for example, has never run 1500 metres all out, and we do not know how he will stand up to the full-stretch test. Well enough, I fancy, but the question remains. And what a race it will be, with Becalli, Cunningham and Lovelock in the running! How strange, too, that Bonthron did not qualify for Berlin in the American eliminating trials: these Americans have some remarkable material, but conditions may defeat them.

At last we are making a bid for longer distances, like the 5000 metres, where our hopes of the strong P. D. Ward are high. For years we have regarded such races as perquisites of the Finns and they may well produce some phenomenal performer again.

Argentinians for the Davis Cup

Adriano Zappa and Lucio del Castillo reached the final of the Midland Championships at Birmingham, to be beaten by Malfroy and Steadman, 6—3, 6—1, having knocked out Borotra and Gentien, the holders, on their way up the list. Between them is Mrs. Zappa, who, with her husband, got through four rounds in the Mixed Doubles

NOW to boxing, and the suspension of Jeff Dickson Sports Promotions, Ltd. The Southern Council of the British Boxing Board of Control put this suspension into operation, and I gather it is to be reviewed by the stewards of the Board in due course. In the meanwhile, it is a significant, stage in the development of boxing promotion in this country. Jeff Dickson has staged many interesting big fights at the Albert Hall, but on the whole they have not proved profitable, and it may be that he will not worry overmuch about his suspension.

The truth is that professional boxing is at a low ebb just now. We have no outstanding personalities, and the Jack Petersen - Jock McAvoy affair made us all rather shy and disinclined to waste good money. And there seem to be difficulties in America also, if we may judge by the reluctance of promoters there to put on the fight between Max Schmeling and Joe Braddock for the heavy-weight title.

In this country, at any rate, boxing needs very firm control if it is to be put upon its feet again. Public confidence must be restored before the game returns to popularity.

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Monte Carlo Beach

Women's Golf

Girls Again! By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SO much to write about this week that it is positively bewildering, especially after rusticating for three weeks in the Western Highlands, twenty miles from anywhere and fifty from a golf course. I know no odder sensation the whole year through than a sudden return from wandering idly amongst the high hills, watching deer and birds and listening to the burns, to reporting an open meeting, with the necessity for taking a real interest in how the ball is being hit and why somebody wins and somebody else doesn't.

I had not even seen a newspaper for longer than you would probably believe, but when I did it was to find the joyous news therein that two of our Girls' Championship's most distinguished competitors, who have not really left its ranks so very long, had been fighting out the French final at La Boulie. One of them had to lose—don't say I have not brought back a profound truth from over the Border—but they certainly delayed it as long as possible, since Miss Jessie Anderson only beat Miss Pam Barton at the 37th hole. From what a kind correspondent has written me, it seems to have been a touch-and-go affair, which turned very much on the winning of the 9th by the former

(*Concluded on page* vi)

At the Opening of the Grand Ducal Golf Club of Luxembourg

Mlle. Denise de Thomaz, holder of the Belgian Close Championship, Mlle. Francine Tollon, the French Champion, and Herr Karl Henkel, President of the German Golfing Association, were at the inauguration of Luxembourg's luxury golf club opened by the Grand Duchess Charlotte. So were Vr. Buma, the Dutch Champion, and Herr Calkoen van Limnen, a leading amateur in Holland. The invitation Mixed Foursomes were won by England, with Germany second, and France third

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A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London Trade Reference, or an amount on deposit.

Girls Again! *(Continued from page iv)*

after the latter had seemed to have it and 2 up in her pocket, and on the frightful heaviness, after outrageous rain, of the bunker which Miss Barton found at the 20th.

It had been seeming lately as if Miss Anderson was having a long wait for a championship title to add to her Girls' and her New Zealand; this will be a grand fillip, and a good many folk feel sure that she will soon join the growing, though select, company of those who have been first Girl and then Open champion.

ALL of which is the best possible introduction for the entrance form and particulars of the Girls' Championship, 1936, which will be found on this page. Entries, let me remind you, close on August 21st, unless the limit of 64 have entered before then. Anyway, with holidays in the offing, it is always wise to enter quickly, before the forgetfulness of complete absorption in doing nothing, or doing only what one likes—the two are sometimes synonymous—overtakes you. Play is Sept. 9th to 11th.

There does not seem any need to remind you how extremely well all last year's competitors have been doing in grown-up golf this year. Miss Peggy Falkner, the holder (who is, unfortunately, too old to compete again), has yet to earn a place in Surrey's first team, but then that county's second is almost as strong as many other's first; the runner-up, Joan Pemberton, who had a handicap of 19 last September, has got it down to 10 and has been quite a success in Cheshire; Nancy Cook, who was only an English reserve last year, is now Caernarvonshire champion; Sonia Swinburn Johnson and Angela Noble rendered excellent account of themselves in the Wentworth scratch foursomes, as did Peggy Bullard in the Midland championship. Those are only a few.

But I don't want to stress these outstanding performances too much, because every year seems to show that the unknown player is very often the one who does best at Stoke Poges, so that it would be absurd for any girl, however young or however long her handicap, to say that it was no good her entering. Look at Joan Pemberton last year, and Brenda Norris in 1934. The fact of the matter is that really young golfers are seldom very consistent; the best may play badly and the worst may play well, so that the great thing is for any girl who will be under 19 years old on September 11th quickly to persuade those who hold the purse-strings and the power of veto that for every reason imaginable they must be allowed to enter this year.

I am entirely at their beck and call if there is any information or help that it is within the bounds of possibility for me to give: there is the International match and the Girls' Golfing Society meeting as extra attractions, and Miss Pam Barton has promised to come and give away the Challenge Cup and prizes. September 9th to 11th are the Championship dates and Stoke Poges the venue.

WALTON HEATH invitation open meeting is the very essence of pleasant efficiency without fussiness, and would be worth attending if for no other reason than to see the herbaceous border at the back of the club-house and the herbaceous bouquet in the middle of the prize table. The bouquet is the traditional perquisite of the reigning captain—and no inconsiderable reward for her labours. The weather behaved beautifully. The Old course was at its very best, with a generous growth of the most inspiring wiry grass through the fairway and enough to hold the ball on the green. Not that everybody putted well, but Miss Julia Hill managed that part of the game just as well as she did at Turnberry in the BYSTANDER Foursomes, and so thoroughly deserved the scratch prize, the partner's better ball and the scratch prize in the Stapleford Foursomes, her partner in these cases being Mrs. Crosthwaite.

OF course, 84 does not compare with the amazing scores in which Miss Gourlay, Mrs. Guedalla and other folk have been slipping round Beaconsfield, Sandy Lodge, and so forth, while I have been away. But when I could take my eyes off the prizes and the bouquet in the club, I studied the scores for the annual gold medal, and found that only twice has that total been beaten. I know that the par is 79 and that Miss Wetherhed once holed it in 76, or something absurd like that, but that only goes to show that the Old course is extraordinarily difficult scoring, and that Miss Wethered is a law unto herself. Mrs. Salmon took the senior handicap with 80 net after a tie with the captain, Miss Spurling, and Mrs. Hovenden's 97-21=76, which won the Junior, was the only score to beat par all day.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (18th Year)

HOLDER: MISS PEGGY FALKNER

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

September 7th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 8th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1936.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 21st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1936, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, and a medal to each member of that team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

18th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1936

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 21st.

Please enter

Miss. .....

Home Address. .....

.....

Telephone No.. .....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*. .....

Handicap (if any). .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, / *England,}

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not supply.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Marcus Adams

Karin Sigrid Timberg

Is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Timberg, of Forshem, Reading, and Devonshire Place, W.; she is engaged to Captain C. R. Battiscombe, only son of Lieut-Colonel C. Battiscombe, of Banksfoot, Caversham, Reading

Navana

Marion Fletcher

Is the only daughter of the late Commander Fletcher, R.N., and Mrs. W. Miskin, of Bodsham Lodge, Elmsted, Ashford, Kent; she is engaged to Humphrey Pares, younger son of the late Harold Pares and Mrs. Pares, of Home Farm House, Selsey, Sussex

Marjorie Lacey

Marie Moncheur

The younger daughter of Baron Moncheur, ex-Belgian Ambassador in London, and Baroness Moncheur, and is engaged to Ronald Medlicott, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Henry Medlicott, of Codicote Mill, Hitchin

Elwin Neame

Sheila Beckett-Overy

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Beckett-Overy, of 19, Lowndes Street, S.W1; she is engaged to Walter Horsbrugh, son of the late Lieut-Colonel Horsbrugh and Mrs. Horsbrugh, of Bournemouth

Catherine Bell

Clodagh Austin

Is the younger daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Austin, of Enmore, Barbados; she is engaged to Gilbert White, 60th Rifles, youngest son of Brigadier and Mrs. W. A. White

Wombwell — Madden

Claude Wombwell, elder son of the late Arthur Wombwell, Grenadier Guards, and the late Mrs. Wombwell, married Eva Madden, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Gerald Madden and Mrs. Madden, of 17, Draycott Place, S.W.3, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

de Courcy — Reid

Lieut. the Hon. Michael de Courcy, R.N., only son of Lieut.-Colonel Lord and Lady Kingsale, of Lodore, Chelston Road, Torquay, and Joan Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, of Moor Park, Beckwithshaw, near Harrogate, were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea

Pringle — Serocold

Michael Pringle, only son of Major W. G. Pringle, M.C., and Mrs. Christine Pringle, of 47, Sydney Street, Chelsea, and Ursula Serocold, daughter of the late Mrs. Claude Serocold, of Bembridge, Isle of Wight, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Hemelryk — Holden

At Greyfriars Church, Chilworth, Surrey, Richard Hemelryk, second son of Colonel and Mrs. P. H. Hemelryk, of West Mount, Chester, married Unity Holden, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holden, of Bellerive, Longdown, Guildford

Seabrook — Hirst

At Knaresborough Parish Church, George Carrington Seabrook, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Seabrook, of Tolleshunt d'Arcy, Essex, married Lucia Kathleen Hirst, eldest daughter of the late Herbert Hirst and Mrs. Hirst, of Holly Court, Harrogate

Jellicoe — Pares

At Hampstead Parish Church, Geoffrey Alan Jellicoe, of 67, Parliament Hill Mansions, N.W.5, married Sue Pares, daughter of Professor Sir Bernard and Lady Pares, of 9, Fellows Road, N.W.3

Richards — Kennedy

Captain Cyril Richards, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Richards, of 37, Wroughton Road, S.W., and Leila Kennedy, younger daughter of Admiral F. W. and Mrs. Kennedy, of 2, Villiers Road, Southsea, were married at the Garrison Church, Portsmouth

Noel — Hood

John Cecil Noel, son of the late Gerard Noel and Mrs. Noel, of Cottesmore House, Rutland, married Nancy Margaret Hood at Nettleham Church. She is the daughter of the late Col. E. T. F. Hood, of Nettleham Hall, Lincoln

Hill-Wood — Martin-Smith

Charles Hill-Wood, son of Sir Samuel and the Hon. Lady Hill-Wood, of 52, Eaton Place, W., and Cecilia Martin-Smith, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Everard Martin-Smith, of Codicote Lodge, Herts., were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Horsburgh-Porter — Burns-Lindow

Alexander Horsburgh-Porter, younger son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Horsburgh-Porter, of 30, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, and Elizabeth Mary Burns-Lindow, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Mark Burns-Lindow, of Holmbrook, Cumberland, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Myerscough — Cunningham

Cyril Myerscough, the son of Mr. Frederick Myerscough, of Clonard, Dundrum, Dublin, and Joy Cunningham, the tennis player, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Napier Cunningham, of 28, Cropthorne Court, W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Innes — James

Charles Buckley Innes, eldest son of the late C. R. Innes and Mrs. Innes, of Clumber House, Ascot, and Margaret James, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar James, of Fulmer Court, Stoke Poges, were married at Fulmer Church

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 22 — July 28

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Carel Capek and his brother wrote this fantasy as a succinct comment through insect-characters on the foibles of the humans; charmingly produced, it makes you think; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Andrew Leigh, Joyce Redman, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Fri., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Leslie French as Puck, Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Oberon, Margaretta Scott as Hermia, Baliol Holloway as Bottom, and Greta Gynt (Norwegian) leading the ballet: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PROFESSOR BERNHARDI.—Abraham Sofaer acts magnificently as the Jewish professor in this challenging play: Phœnix, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and Ion Swinley the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE VISITOR.—Louis Borell and Greer Garson are the young leads of this play about youthful disillusionment; and do more than justice to its worn plot: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

No! No! NANETTE.—This favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 79.—Will be filmed for circulation through the country, but we can see it in the flesh; Meggie Eaton, Mollie Hallewell and Ann Matthew entertain; Ken Douglas gives humour; and Old Ladies, a Rainbow ballet and "Joan of Arc" tableau all contribute: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30 non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood familiy-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Quick revival of Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller; with Esmond Knight in his part; also Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ASTAIRE-ROGERS REPERTORY (American).—Fred and Ginger in their care-free dancing films—ROBERTA, to-day and to-morrow; GAY DIVORCE from Friday; FOLLOW THE FLEET from Wednesday next: Curzon.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES (American).—Madeleine Carroll is Mrs. Ames, fighting a series of peppy court cases, but when a lawyer (George Brent) falls in love with her, all goes well; good suspense: Carlton.

FATAL LADY (American).—Mary Ellis is the lady; she photographs and sings nicely, and the plot is original, quite a little tragedy in its way, for love comes out above art: Plaza.

JANOSIK (Czecho-Slovakian).—Is described as a romantic thriller; about the eighteenth-century Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood. Palo Bielik acts him, and the "Maid Margaret" is Zlata Hajdukova: Academy.

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST (American).—Carole Lombard and Preston Foster are the stars of this pot-boiling but snappy story—the moon 's their home all right: New Gallery.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA (American).—Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, and John Boles are the stars of an exciting if old-fashioned piece: Regal.

MODERN TIMES (American).—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

OURSELVES ALONE (British).—Antoinette Cellier, John Lodge and John Loder figure in this grim and action-full story of the Black and Tans: London Pavilion.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (American).—Story and acting have something the others haven't got; Leslie Howard and Bette Davis and powerful, exciting tragedy make this a film of the year: Tivoli.

SAN FRANCISCO (American).—Music is incidental in this tough film of the Barbary Coast, with Jeannette Macdonald to sing it, Clark Gable opposite, and Spencer Tracy as the "people's priest"; an earthquake also takes part: Empire.

SHOW BOAT (American).—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND PARTIES

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7.

SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART.—Royal Institute Galleries.

ROYAL GARDEN RECEPTIONS.—Buckingham Palace: to-day, 22nd, and to-morrow, 23rd.

SUMMER FLOWERS EXHIBITION.—Organised by the London Gardens Society, with entries from private and borough gardens: Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Fri., 24th, 2.30; and Sat., 25th, 10-6.

SPORT

In and Out of Town

THURS., 23RD: International Air Rally, Heston.

SAT., 25TH: England v. All-India Second Test begins (three days), Manchester; Davis Cup, Wimbledon (also 27th and 28th).

TUES., 28TH: Glorious Goodwood, Steward's Cup; *Daily Mirror* Golf Tournament finals (three days), Molesey.

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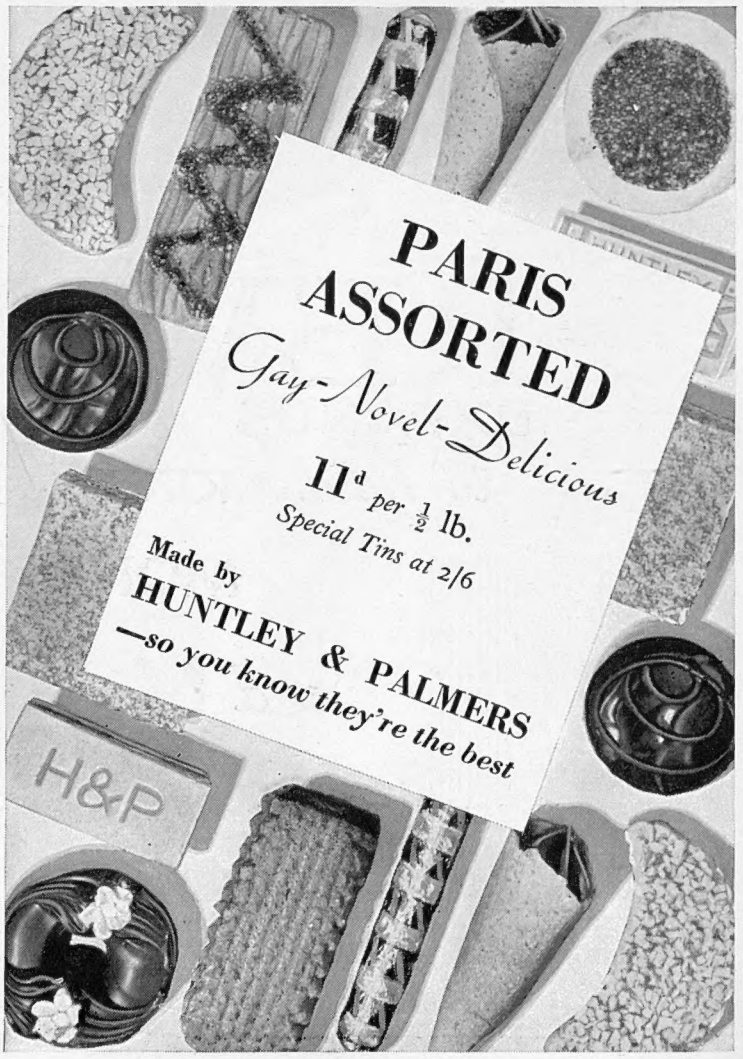

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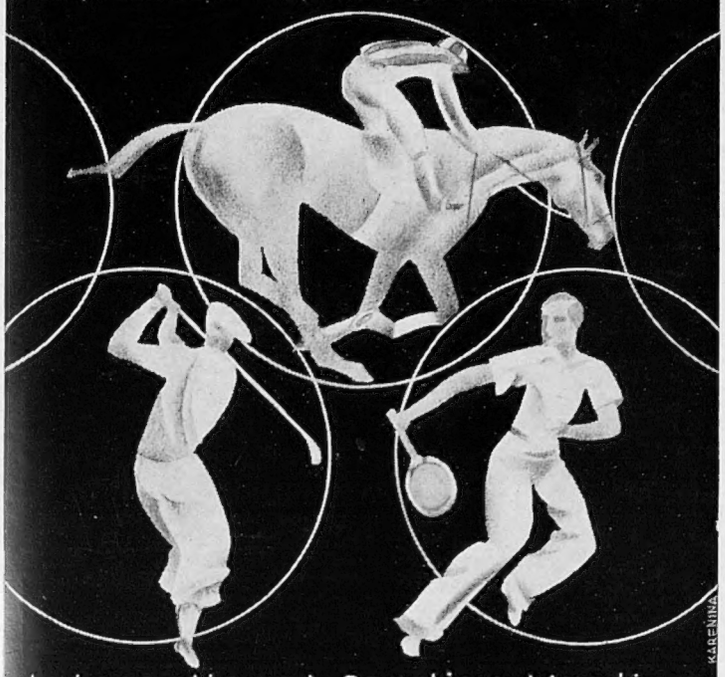

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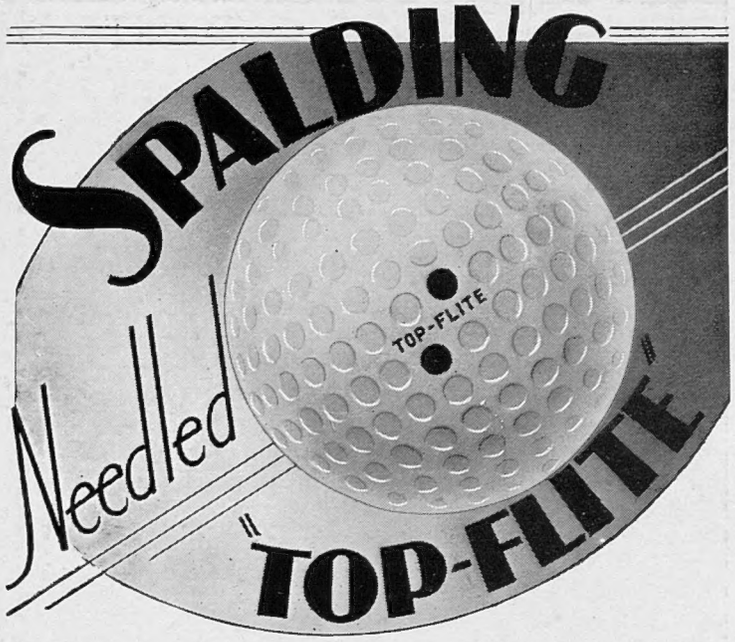

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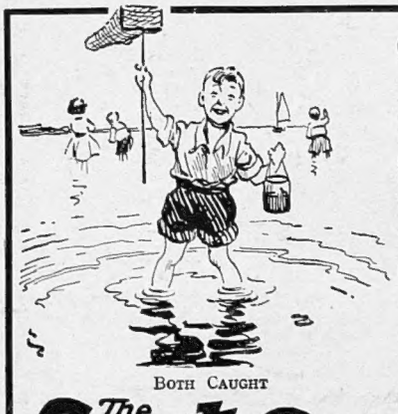

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